

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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*The World Famous
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It's the Tobacco that Counts

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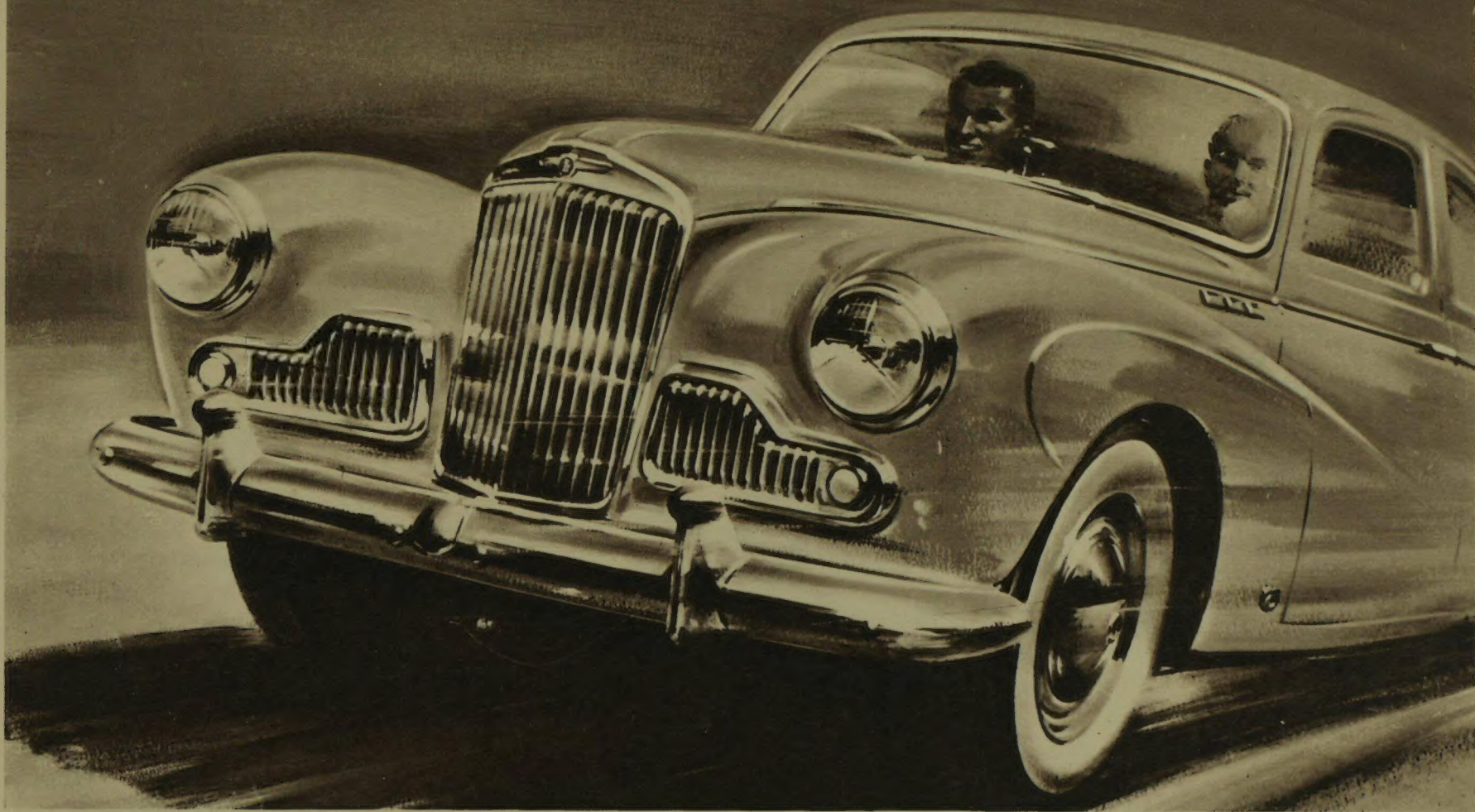
PLAYER'S
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Player's please

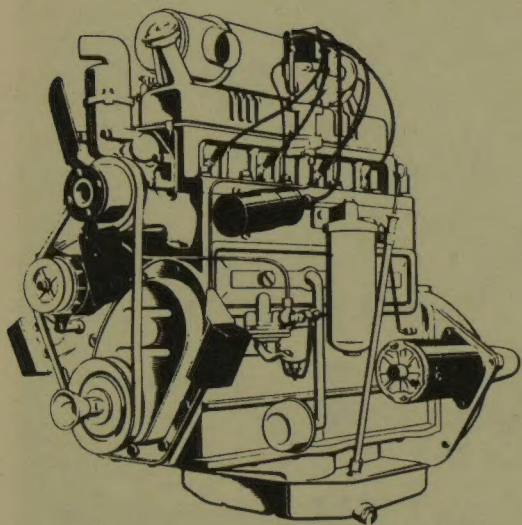
[NCC 855A]

**NOW...HIGHER TOP SPEED...FASTER ACCELERATION..
GREATER COMFORT**



...the NEW *Sunbeam* MK.III

now with an 80 B.H.P. ENGINE



More Power Engineered from 2½ Litres

The 2267 cc engine of the Sunbeam Mark III has a completely new cylinder head with redesigned ports, larger inlet valves, a manifold hotspot and a higher compression ratio of 7.5 to 1.

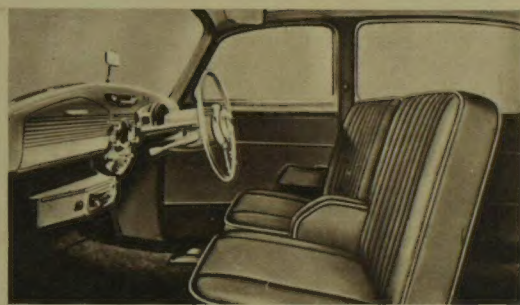
A superb 80 b.h.p. engine powers the new Sunbeam Mark III. A lusty 2267 cc unit that gives higher top speed, livelier acceleration — yet better fuel economy than before!

There's new-style front seating too, an improved facia panel — and many more feature improvements. This great rally-bred champion, with its unrivalled background of competition successes, is now, more than ever, a car to judge behind the wheel. It takes you far with never a trace of fuss or strain. Steering is precise and finger-light. Road-holding a revelation. Stopping power immense.

You must see, you must drive, this new Sunbeam to judge its outstanding merit. Ask your dealer to arrange a trial run this week!

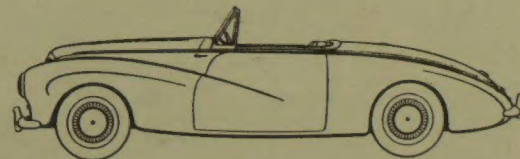
Overdrive is now available

as an extra on the Saloon and Convertible models, and as standard on the Alpine. Operates by a flick of the switch on the steering column. Gives a higher-than-top ratio for cruising at low engine revs. You use less petrol and get longer life from the engine.

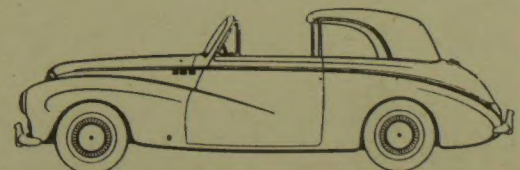


More Comfort and Ease at the Wheel

New-style front seating in the Sunbeam Mark III gives even greater comfort for the long journey. Beautifully upholstered throughout, with thick padded rests at centre and sides. On the new facia controls are neatly grouped — quickly to hand.



The 2½ Litre Sunbeam Alpine 2 Seater



The 2½ Litre Sunbeam Sports Convertible

THE CAR YOU JUDGE BEHIND THE WHEEL







A new horizon in Tennessee...made in Britain

THIS IS A STORY of a changing landscape... a story to capture the imagination. It began with a bold decision taken shortly after the war by Bowaters, the British paper-making organisation—one of the largest in the world.

It was the decision to survey the North American continent by air, land and sea, to find the ideal site for a British paper mill that would help to meet the growing demand for newsprint and paper of all kinds.

This decision has now taken shape in the outlines of the great integrated pulp and paper mills that have changed the horizon at Calhoun, on the banks of the Hiwassee river in Tennessee.

For it was to Calhoun, in the heart of the prosperous southern states of America, that the party of scientists and engineers returned to complete their final analysis. Here they found a township of some 600 inhabitants, abundant supplies of water, electrical power, wide roads, railways, navigable rivers, and above all, close at hand, thousands of acres of quick growing southern pine. This tree matures in 25 years, compared with an average 75 years for the northern spruce. Though previously considered too resinous for paper making the scientists of the paper industry have so adapted the pulping process that southern pine is now an ideal raw material.

And now these new Bowater mills are producing 130,000 tons of newsprint and 55,000 tons of sulphate pulp each year—earning dollars for Britain. *For the whole of this output of newsprint*

has been sold for 15 years ahead to publishers in the United States.

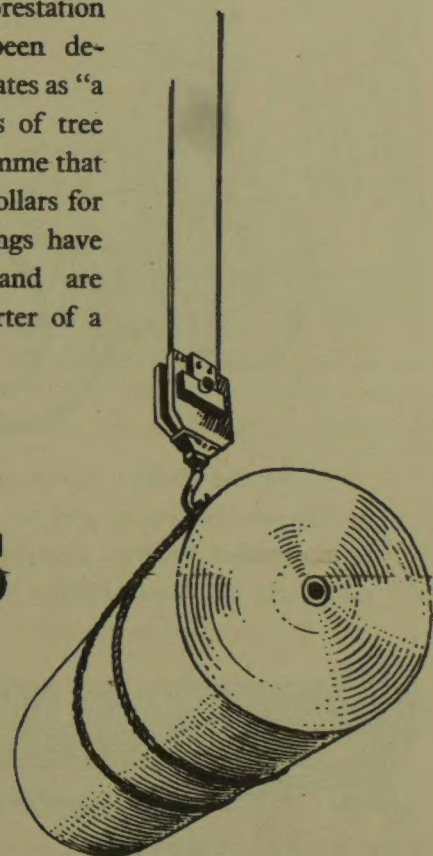
This is proof to the world that British enterprise and technical know-how can make their mark in the heart of the United States. Proof, too, of the goodwill that exists between these two great industrial nations. For, though Bowaters subscribed the whole of the equity capital, three-quarters of the \$60,000,000 cost of this Bowater project was provided in the United States in the form of dollar loans; and the erection of the plant on schedule in two years is a tribute to the American genius for large-scale construction.

Here, to confound the pessimists, is a heartening example of Britain and America working together—technically, industrially and commercially—for their mutual benefit. For these new mills in Tennessee are already supplying much-needed newsprint to American publishers in the South. Meanwhile, to assure their supplies, Bowaters are planting southern pine seedlings at the rate of millions a year—an afforestation programme that has been described in the United States as “a lesson in the economics of tree planting”. It is a programme that will still be harvesting dollars for Britain when the seedlings have reached full growth and are pulped for paper a quarter of a century from now.



Bowaters

An international organisation making paper, board and packaging materials that answer the needs of industry and trade throughout the world.



THE BOWATER PAPER CORPORATION LIMITED

Great Britain United States of America Canada Australia South Africa Republic of Ireland Norway Sweden

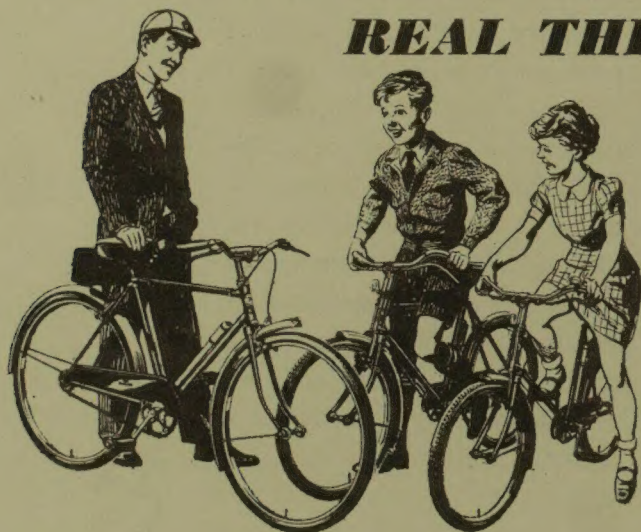
Bentley cars are fitted with India tyres and though you may not own a Bentley, isn't it sensible to choose for your own comfort and safety the make of tyre chosen for the world's most sought-after car—especially when it need not involve you in any greater expense and will certainly give you longer mileage.

INDIA

"THE FINEST TYRES MADE"

... Not a toy but a perfect
smaller edition of the

REAL THING



In the Phillips Range you will find the perfect Bicycle or Tricycle for every girl or boy, and each model is made to the same Quality precision, by the same craftsmen as the World Renowned Phillips "Grown-up" models.

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THE TRUE TEMPER STEEL BICYCLE

PHILLIPS CYCLES LTD., SMETHWICK, BIRMINGHAM

Available in a range of limousine finishes: Kingfisher Blue, Red, Maroon, on rust-proof "Bonderised" Surface, and Cream Mudguards. All models obtainable on E.P. terms by C.C.F. if required. Send to-day for full colour illustrated catalogue.

WORKERS IN THE TEAM

Number 8 in a series

A SMALL MAN in charge of two huge weigh-batching plants, Taffy Evans is proud of their performance and of the team which operates them.

Taffy will tell you that the strength of concrete depends on the accurate proportioning of materials. He will show you how many tons of graded stone, sand and cement are lifted 70 feet from the stock-piles and delivered to waiting lorries, in exactly measured amounts, ready for mixing and placing—with only two men operating the electrical controls. He will tell you that a lorry can be loaded every 40 seconds, and that in one working day materials were accurately weighed out for nearly 2,000 cubic yards of concrete—sufficient to construct a mile of road 18 feet wide. He will show you how he communicates with his men and the



site office by portable radio transmitter.

Taffy's pride is justified. Men and machines together are producing results impossible hitherto—not only reducing costs and saving time but also in improving quality. This is another instance of progress achieved by modern methods combined with the old team spirit.

LAING

JOHN LAING AND SON LIMITED

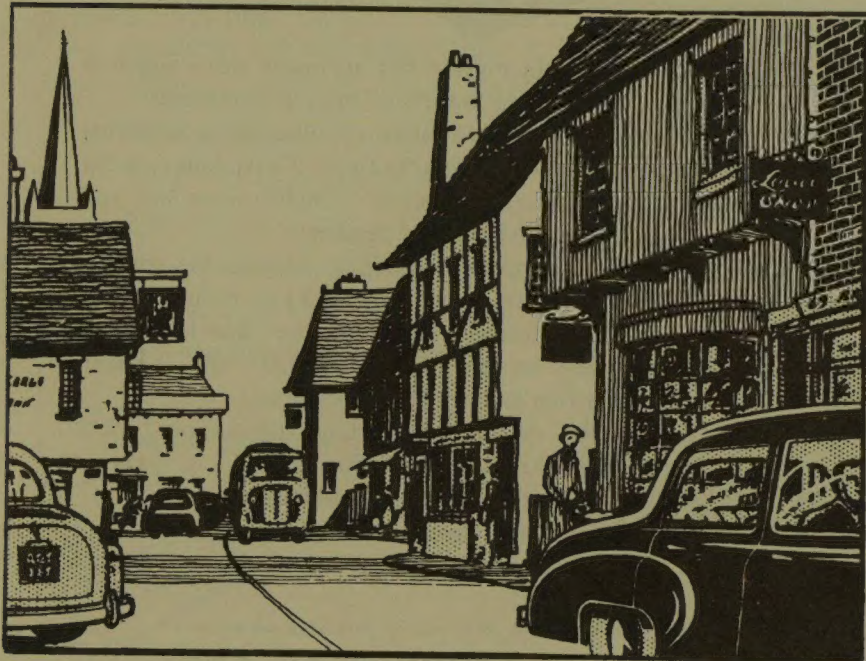
Building and Civil Engineering Contractors

GREAT BRITAIN, CANADA

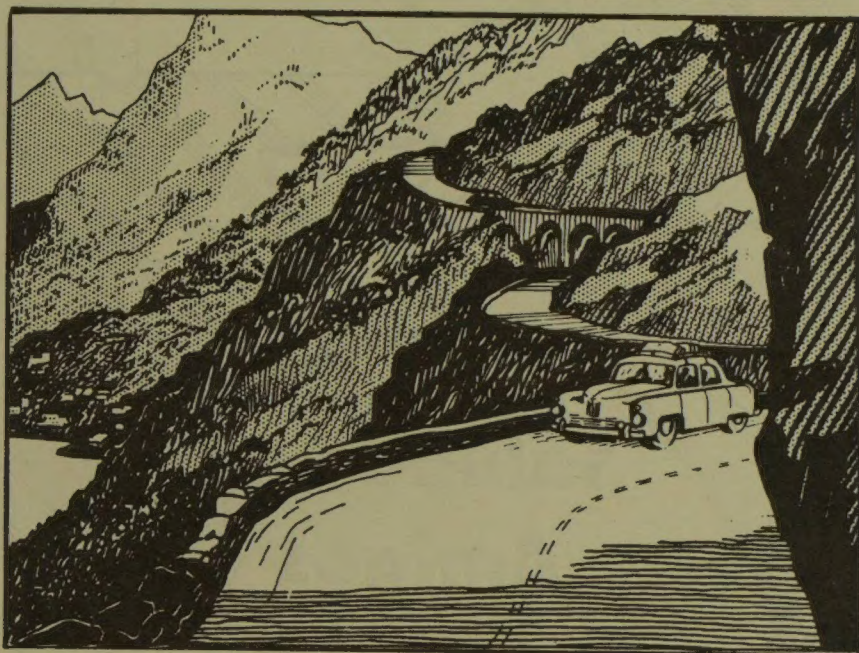
UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA, RHODESIA

FROM OXFORD to the highways of the world

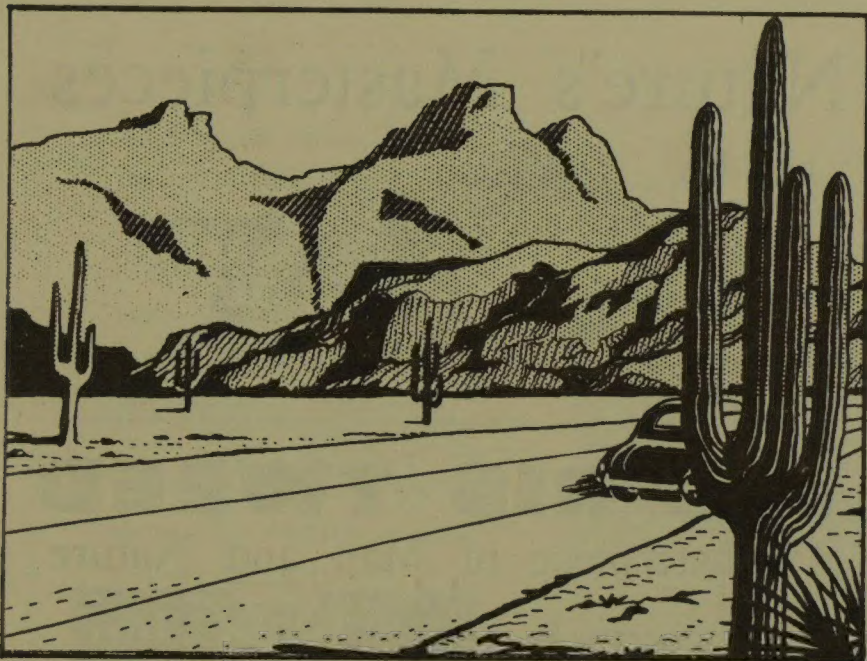
Oxford is both old and young. Rich-grained in tradition, modern in industry : age-mellowed and beautiful yet proud of the important part it plays in maintaining British supremacy in engineering. From Oxford to the highways of the world . . . famous British cars with bodywork by Pressed Steel Company Limited.



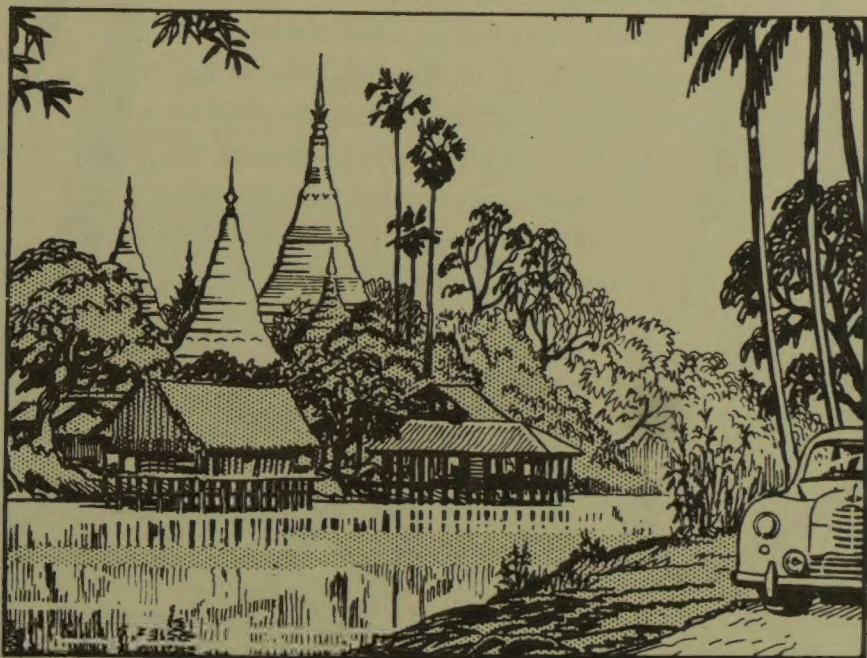
Town and Country Through the heart of England—age-old towns, moorland, open country—cars stream along the Queen's Highway. The majority has Pressed Steel bodywork.



Route to Monte Carlo From the snows of the Alps to the S-bends of the Cote d'Azur . . . proving-ground for British dependability and the strength of Pressed Steel bodywork.



Arizona Fly-way Sagebrush and cactus and arrow-straight roads under the blazing sun. Pressed Steel bodywork is built to withstand the rigours of such fierce and relentless motoring.



East of Suez On bullock track or trackless wastes, in desert heat or monsoon rains, Pressed Steel bodywork adds strength to the supremacy of British car production.

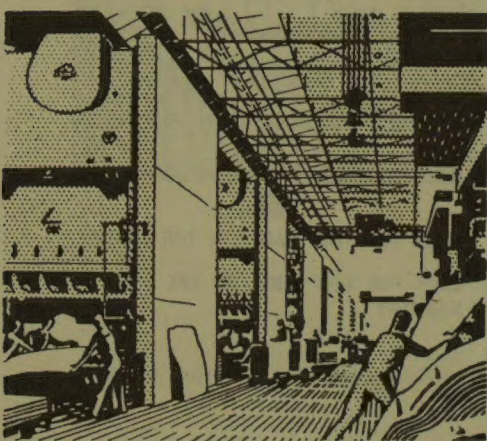
Pressed Steel Company Limited is proud to be associated not only with many of the greatest names in the British automobile industry, including Austin, Daimler, Hillman, Humber, Jaguar, Morris, Morris Commercial, M.G., Riley, Rover, Singer and Wolseley, but with other manufacturers yet to achieve world renown.

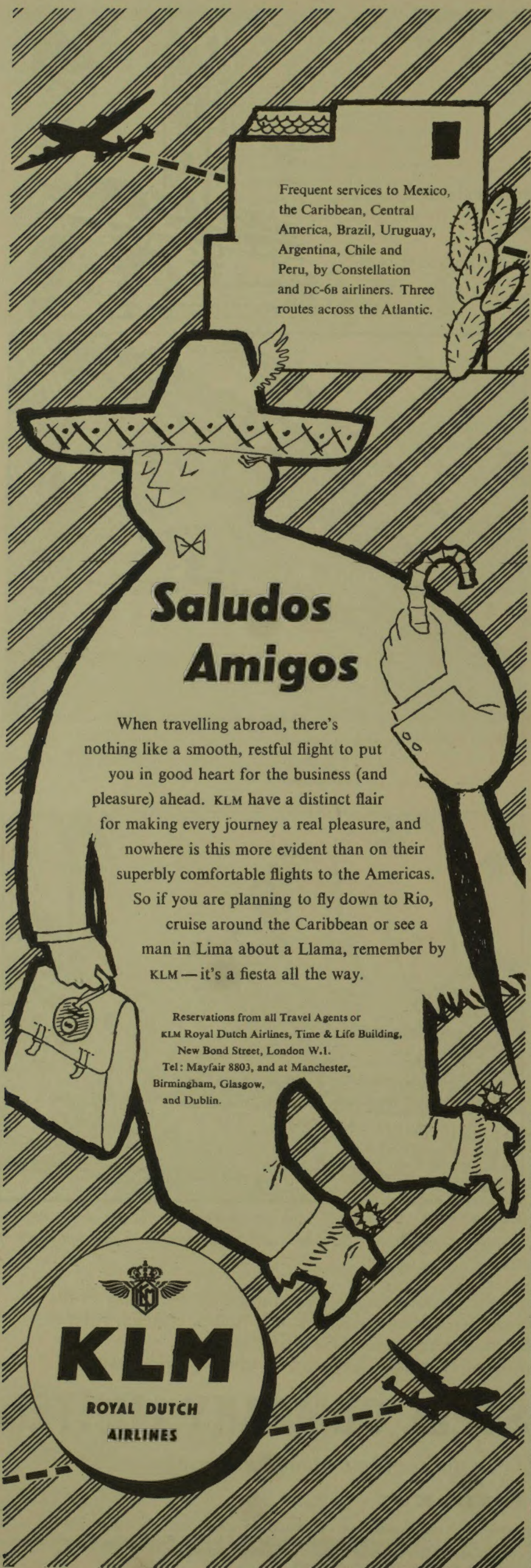
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MANUFACTURERS ALSO OF PRESTCOLD REFRIGERATORS, STEEL RAILWAY WAGONS,
AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS AND PRESSINGS OF ALL TYPES





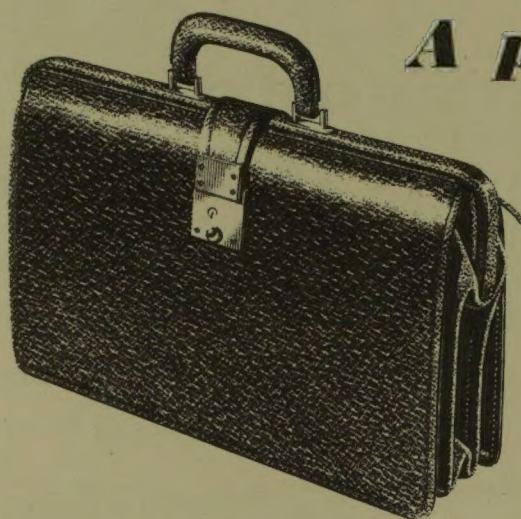
Frequent services to Mexico, the Caribbean, Central America, Brazil, Uruguay, Argentina, Chile and Peru, by Constellation and DC-6B airliners. Three routes across the Atlantic.

Saludos Amigos

When travelling abroad, there's nothing like a smooth, restful flight to put you in good heart for the business (and pleasure) ahead. KLM have a distinct flair for making every journey a real pleasure, and nowhere is this more evident than on their superbly comfortable flights to the Americas. So if you are planning to fly down to Rio, cruise around the Caribbean or see a man in Lima about a Llama, remember by KLM—it's a fiesta all the way.

Reservations from all Travel Agents or KLM Royal Dutch Airlines, Time & Life Building, New Bond Street, London W.1. Tel: Mayfair 8803, and at Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, and Dublin.

KLM
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AIRLINES



A poem in pigskin

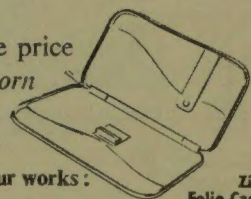
At Bury in Lancashire a small band of craftsmen is expressing an age-old tradition . . . in beautifully stitched and hand-finished briefcases which combine the capaciousness of a conjurer's hat with a handsome 'note-case' slimness.

This particular poem in pigskin has an inside story which is common currency among travellers in five continents . . . a 17" x 11½" briefcase with two interior foolscap compartments and zip-sealed section for overnight things. Capacious exterior zip pocket for newspapers, books, etc. English lever lock and fittings of solid brass. All leather handle.

In golden tan or Autumn tan pigskin at 12 guineas; smooth polished hide (golden tan, brown or black) or natural coach hide at 9 guineas. Matching zip folio cases size 16" x 10½", available separately at £4.10.0., £2.15.0. and £3.0.0. respectively. Post free and tax free in U.K.

(U.S.A. orders and enquiries: Sterling International, 225 Kearny Street, San Francisco, California.)

Complete satisfaction guaranteed or purchase price refunded immediately. Obtainable at the Unicorn Showroom, 39, Burlington Arcade, London, W.1.



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UNICORN LEATHER CO. LTD.

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Nature's Masterpieces

can be
instantly
recognised—
—so can

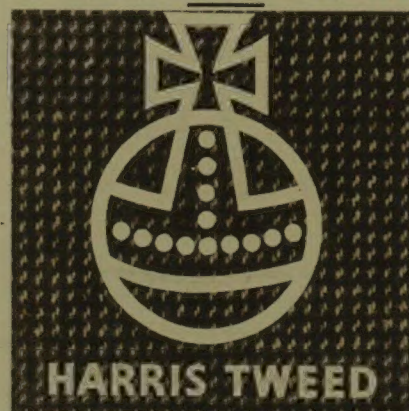


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Look for the Harris Tweed Trade Mark. It is approved by the Board of Trade as a Certification Mark, and guarantees that the tweed to which it is applied is made from virgin Scottish wool, spun, dyed, handwoven and finished in the Outer Hebrides. No other tweed is entitled to bear this Mark.



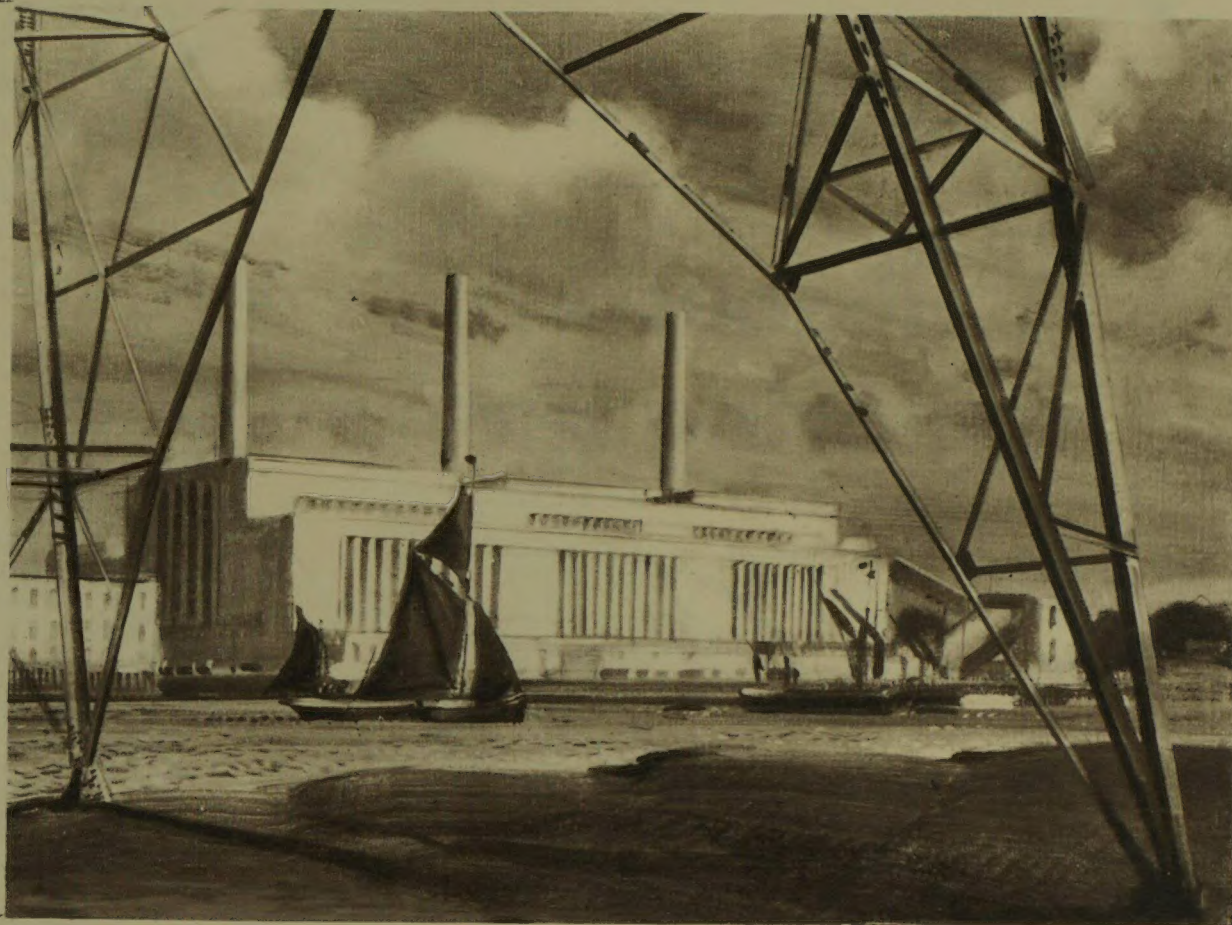
LOOK FOR THIS MARK ON THE CLOTH

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL ON THE GARMENT

Issued by
THE HARRIS TWEED ASSOCIATION LIMITED

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More electricity for Britain . . . forty great power stations built in six years . . . and power output increased by 50 per cent! As the new turbines and generators are set whirring, as more current is produced, new transformers and switchgear distribute and control it. Much of this equipment for generation and supply is made by The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company . . . and also much of the equipment by which electricity is put to use in the service of industry, agriculture, transport, and the private citizen.



bringing you

As electricity reaches deeper into the quiet countryside, it brings not only light and comfort, but *power* for our basic industry: food production. It drives much farm machinery—milking-machines and separators, threshing-machines, elevators and the like—and gives warmth and light to increase the yield from poultry and other stock. By helping to bring this power to more and more country-dwellers—already to 70 per cent more farms than in 1948—ENGLISH ELECTRIC is playing its part in the vital task of filling Britain's larder.



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The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Company Limited, Queens House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2

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★ *Experience Counts*

THE SPECIALLY DESIGNED
**all-season
motoring tyre**
FOR REAR WHEELS

Town & Country

- ⇒ Grip in mud, slush and snow
- ⇒ Non-skid safety on wet and greasy roads
- ⇒ Smooth riding and quiet
- ⇒ Long, trouble-free mileage

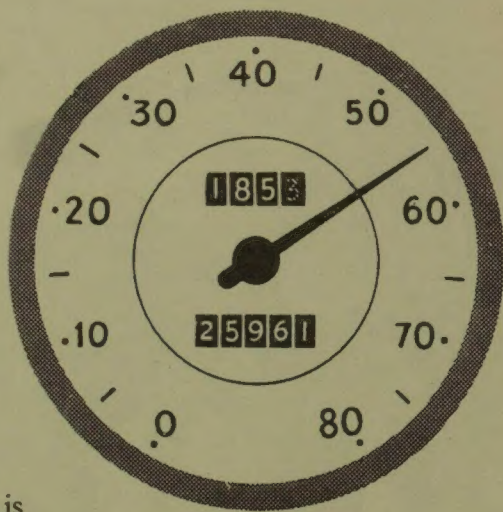
★ 26 Factories throughout the world. Firestone total sales exceed £1,000,000 per day.

⇒ Also of special appeal to light van owners
TUBELESS OR CONVENTIONAL

Firestone TYRES – consistently good



**Built-up
area?**



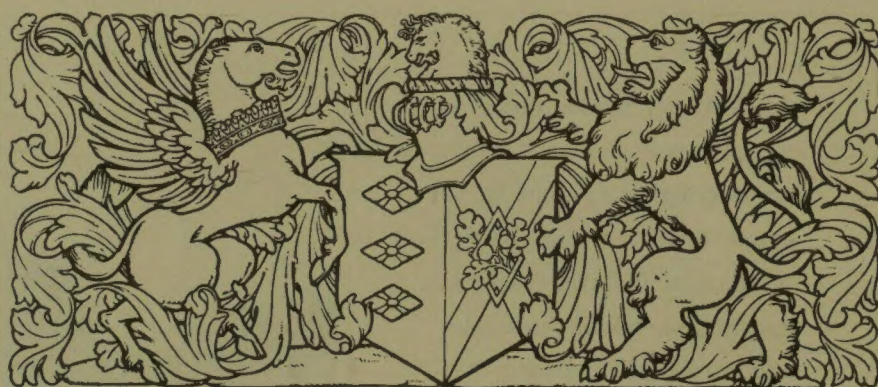
No, of course not, he's as careful of road safety as he is with his battery. And he doesn't buy *any* battery, he asks for a Crompton. Originally known as the Young battery and made by one of the largest electrical firms in Great Britain, Crompton is the standard battery with the best Guarantee of all.

Ask your garage for a

Crompton
BATTERY



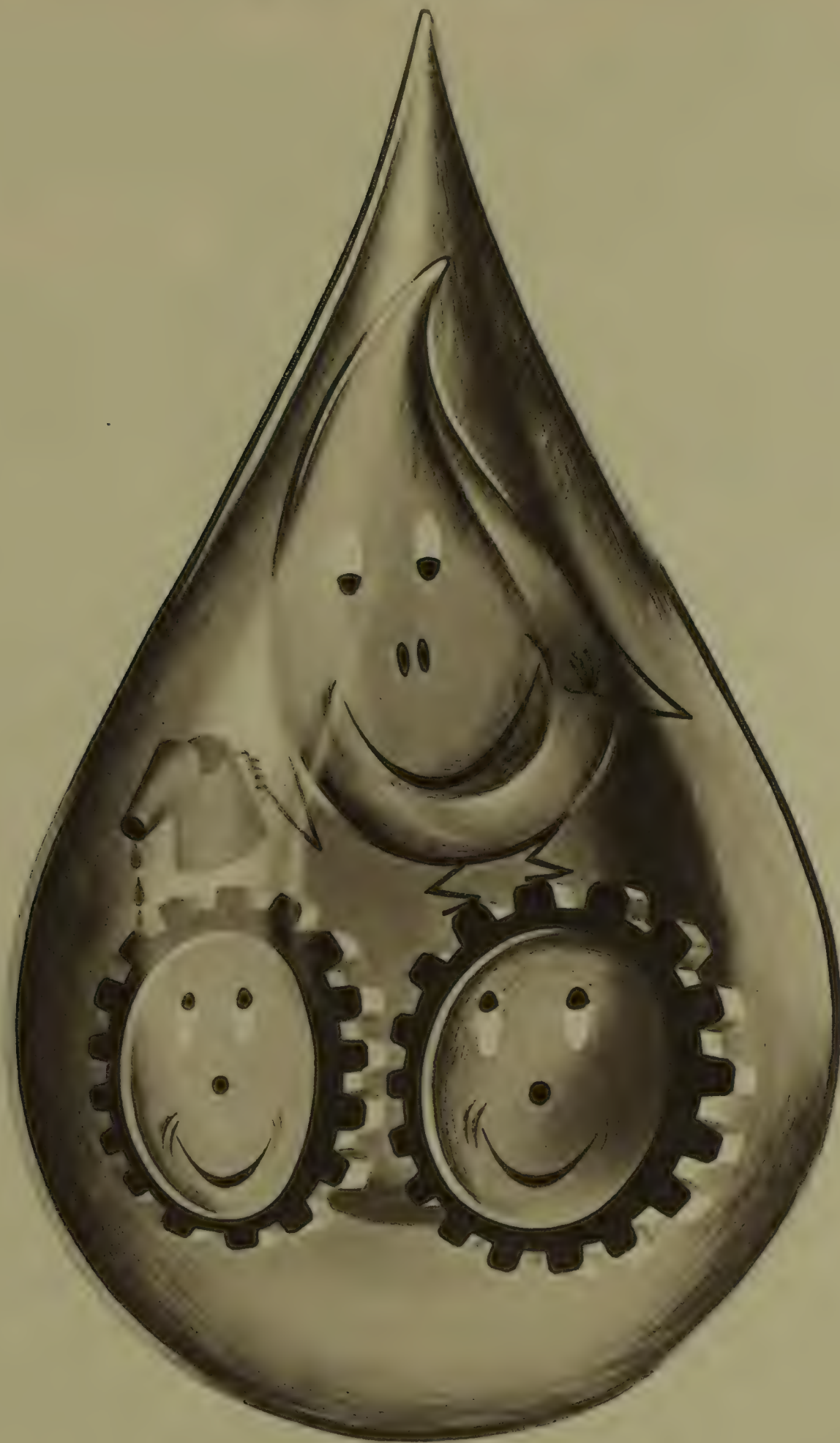
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UPHOLSTERY
MAKES YOUR NEW CAR
A LASTING INVESTMENT**

Real leather is unique for its enduring comfort and luxurious appearance. So, even if this refinement involves a little extra cost, you will be more proud of your car and, when the time comes to re-sell, your good judgment will be more than rewarded.

"YOUR CAR AND YOUR COMFORT" is the title of a booklet on the virtues of leather upholstery and gives an up-to-date price list of cars that are available with leather upholstery. Write to: The Dressed Hide Leather Publicity Committee, Leather Trade House, Barter Street, London, W.C.1.



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always use



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the SUPER oil



British steel speeds Toronto's traffic

ONE of the finest, quietest and cleanest subways in the world was opened in Toronto early this year. For the hundred cars to run on it, Toronto's Transport Manager travelled 11,000 miles seeing the best that America and Europe could offer. He chose British. Last year steel and goods made from steel accounted for 40% of our exports. The value was over one thousand million pounds.

Wherever there is steel there is British steel.

British steel leads the world

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1954.



LEAVING ENGLAND FOR A VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA ON OCTOBER 21: H.M. THE QUEEN MOTHER.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother is due to leave England in the *Queen Mary* on October 21 for her visit to the United States and Canada. She will arrive in New York on October 26, and before proceeding to Ottawa will also visit Washington. Her engagements in the United States include attending a dinner at Columbia University on October 30 to mark the

granting of the charter by George II. 200 years ago, and a convocation in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York, on the following day. It will be remembered that her Majesty and his late Majesty King George VI. visited Canada and the United States in 1939, just before the outbreak of World War II. (Photograph by the Hon. M. W. Elphinstone, F.R.P.S., A.I.B.P.)

Postage—Inland, 2½d.; Canada, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 3d.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

FOR four weeks, thanks to the kindness of the Editor of this journal, my readers and I have been enjoying a holiday: my readers from reading my weekly meanderings and I from writing them! Instead of laying aside for one day in every week my dry-as-dust task of compiling history, and of writing at odd moments throughout the week little snatches of my impending essay—in the night, in trains, in motors, resting on park-seats or in fields during walks—I have been free for the first time in eighteen years from this pleasant compulsion that anchors me to the world about me and links me to so many invisible friends. And since release from a task, however genial, is a relaxation, it has brought me leisure to make one or two expeditions I could not otherwise have made, and to spend some happy hours in idleness whose fruits of remembrance I feel I ought to share with those who so patiently read this page.

And so, as the secretary of an old friend of mine wrote to a holiday companion on the first day of her labours resumed, "It's back to harders again!" I have always found the phrase comforting, like the sermon of the rector of my boyhood's parish who took as his text on the first Sunday after the summer-holidays, that it was good to bathe one's weary limbs in cooling streams but not to lie down in them! And the recollection in tranquillity of holiday pleasures is half, and perhaps more than half, the fun of a holiday. Mine this time were four or five journeys made on September afternoons across the beautiful county of Dorset. The first I recall particularly, for it was one of the rare days of this summer when the sun shone and the clouds also were taking a holiday. It was about mid-day that I packed up my books and papers under the ilex in my garden and carried them back across the lawn to the old house of Purbeck stone, where, when I escape from London, I live. Not having to finish and post this essay, I felt a sudden impulse to devote the rest of the day to pleasure. And so I did, being driven westward in the sunshine, with my elderly terrier alternately digging his claws into my knees with excitement at the passing sounds and scents and, when this palled, sleeping the relaxed sleep of extreme old age on my lap, with his feet luxuriously stretched in the air. Living in the eastern half of Dorset, and in a particularly isolated part of it, with the sea as neighbour on three sides of my little farm and an almost precipitous down on the fourth, a visit to the other side of the county is quite an adventure for me; it was more than two years since I had been there. So, as the tawny downs and oaks of Purbeck gave way to the sandy heaths beyond Holme and Bindon, and these in turn to the green, rolling pastoral country towards Dorchester, I grew as excited as the dog. On the main-road from Dorchester there is nothing of particular note in the way of scenery except at one point where, on the right of the road, one suddenly sees the little thirteenth-century church of Whitcombe lying among the fields. With its weathered grey stone set against the green and its exquisite little perpendicular tower, it is one of the most beautiful things in England—all the more so because no one seems to trouble about it or to be even aware of its beauty. It stands apart from the industrial lorries and farm-trucks and touring-cars for ever speeding along the highway, so near it in space and yet so far removed from it in spirit. I never pass it without recalling how transient the concerns of the world are; it must have looked the same and spoken of the same timeless truths when men on the cliffs a few miles to the south were keeping watch for the sails of Napoleon's ships and when their ancestors two centuries earlier were watching for those of the Armada.

The rest of that day was pure delight. It comprised a glimpse of Kingston Russell—that little fay princess of a house, so loved and tended by its present custodians, lying among topiary and water-meadows; the wonderful sweep of the Chesil beach seen from Swyre and Burton Bradstock; eighteenth-century Bridport, with its broad, clean street and its proud memories of admirals and blowing canvas; and, best of all, a lazy hour on the kind of beach that Constable loved to paint, with the broad head of Golden Cap, Dorset's crowning glory, outlined against a sky of pure blue, while the sea, matching it in colour, merged into the hazy outline of the Devonshire coast on the horizon. That was an hour to carry one through a whole winter; I spent part of it swimming and floating on the seaward side of the breakers—a thing I had not done for four years, although I live

within a mile of the sea. Then, in the brilliant light of a perfect September evening, I made my way home by a circuitous route, passing through Charmouth and Broadwindsor—in both of which places Charles II. had so narrow an escape from capture on his flight after Worcester. This is a piece of country which can only be described as lyrical, with its hundreds of little hills, its emerald wooded valleys, and its dower of blue horizons. Set in its midst lies the town or village of Beaminster, which Dorset people call Bemister, with its church tower, adorned with carved heads, rising like some lovely flower out of the land from whose stones it was fashioned. There is scarcely a lovelier tower in all our country of splendid towers; even "Bell Harry," soaring above Canterbury, would not disdain its kinship. To lie on the grass at its feet is to understand how England grew.

Not all my Dorset journeys were as happy. The urban sprawl from Bournemouth has robbed much of the eastern half of the county of its individuality, while the Service Departments have left their usual and quite unnecessarily hideous litter of what Whitehall calls "installations" strewn about the shire; with the money granted for their building they might have made them as beautiful as anything created by the Middle Ages or seventeenth century.

The saddest sight of all was the deterioration of the countryside in a purely agricultural area about twenty miles from where I live, brought about by the collapse of our ancient rural society and the dismal failure as yet of our new one to create anything but ugliness. Here for miles almost every coppice and hedgerow tree seemed to have been felled; the dismal mediocrity of the landscape so created almost recalled the deserts of the Middle East. On the edge of this decaying, as it seemed to me, countryside, with its thistle-filled fields, broken park-walls and cottage roofs and barns patched with rusty corrugated-iron, I visited an ancient abbey church, once the centre of a magnificent monastery and later secularised by absorption into a scarcely less magnificent country house. England, as I see it, has been made by two kinds of act: acts of love and acts of courage. Often the two have been the same; many acts of courage are also acts of love, and most great acts of love involve courage, since they demand long and continuing labour and sacrifice for their fulfilment. The sight of this great abbey lying among half-denuded woods on this darkening afternoon of late September saddened me. For the two great acts of love that had made it beautiful appeared sadly in need of renewal: the lesser act of the eighteenth-century lords and squires who, with their wonderfully endowed but ill-requited peasantry, built the house and planted the trees, and the greater act of love of the monks, who long ago in faith and adoration raised this stately fane in the wilderness and made the valley below it fruitful and beautiful: they and the machineless craftsmen, skilful and patient in handicraft beyond our modern conception, who hewed and carved the purple Purbeck stone and wrought this wondrous edifice, filling it with treasures, colour and light of which iconoclasts, in their hatred, greed and ignorance, have long since robbed it. The efforts that have recently been made, in the face of the destructive tendencies of modern

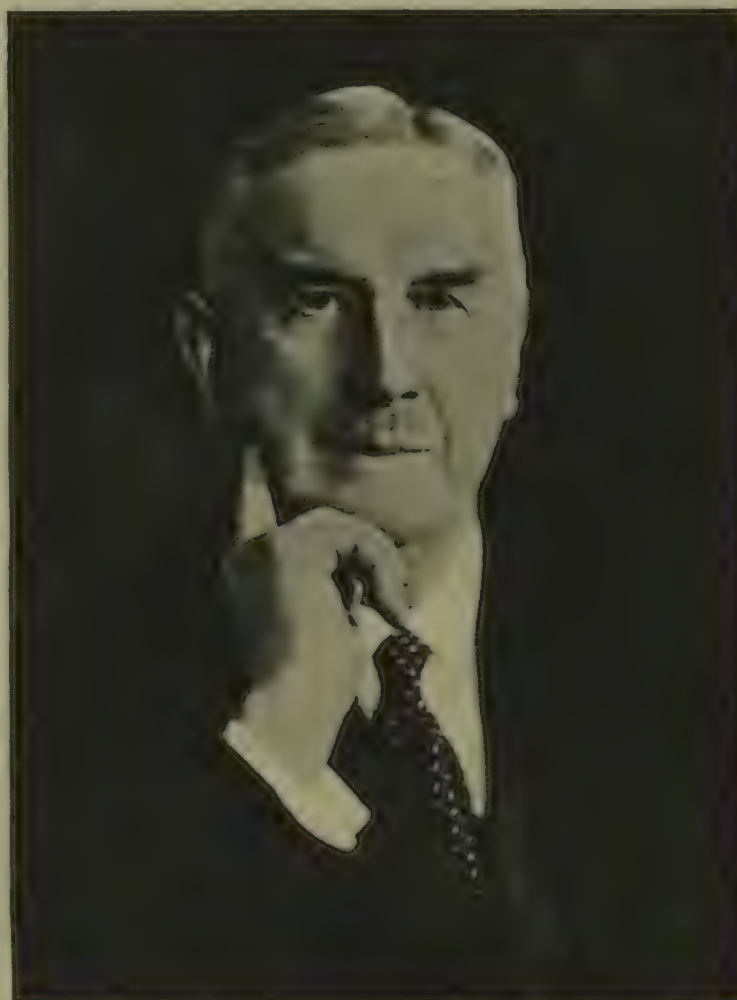
fiscal administration, to resuscitate the abbey's community life, point, it may be, to a happier future. Yet the change that has befallen the place since my youth fifty years ago seems a frightening commentary on our times.

Yet at the end of all it is of Beaminster, its pastoral tower and the hills round its beautiful churchyard, that I think, and think with love and hope renewed, when I recall my Dorset holiday. Here is something unchanged and, seemingly, unchangeable—a countryside as old as time and as beautiful as paradise. It is a landscape that could exist nowhere out of England, and which yet is unique and unlike anything else in England. So my last word shall be of it and of William Barnes's poem of love and praise:

Sweet Be'mi'ster that bist abound
By green and woody hills all round,
Wi' hedges reachen up between
A thousan' yields o' zummer green,
Where elems lofty heads do show
Their sheaves vor hay-meakers below,
And wild hedge-flow'rs do charm the souls
O' maidens in their evenin' strolls.

Long may the men of Dorset love and keep it so!

THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM'S GREAT BENEFACTOR.



THE MAN WHO WAS LARGELY RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FOUNDATION OF THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM: THE LATE SIR JAMES CAIRD, BT., WHO DIED IN LONDON ON SEPTEMBER 27.

On September 27 Sir James Caird, Bt., died in London at the age of ninety. His generosity was largely responsible for the formation at Greenwich of the National Maritime Museum, which illustrates in its collections the maritime history, archaeology and art of Great Britain. Not only did Sir James Caird defray the cost of converting the classrooms and dormitories of the former Royal Hospital School into galleries for the Maritime Museum, but he also purchased for the print room the Macpherson collection of prints, engravings, drawings, books and atlases which, with insurance and incidentals, cost over £100,000. He also, among many other benefactions to the Museum, purchased the "Mercury" collection for the ship model section. In association with the late Admiral Sir Duxton Sturdee, Sir James issued an appeal for the preservation of H.M.S. *Victory*, which he later restored at his own cost. Sir James, who was created a baronet in 1928, was for long a successful shipowner and was formerly chairman of the Smithfield and Argentine Meat Co., and a director of William Cory and Son. There is no heir to the baronetcy.

THE ARMY TAKES TO THE WATER—AND THE WORLD'S FIRST GAS-TURBINE "TANK."



AN ARMY SCOUT CAR WHICH CAN PROCEED BY THE TURNING OF ITS WHEELS WHILE FLOATING IN 4½ FT. OF WATER, WITH THE DRIVER BELOW THE SURFACE: (LEFT) WITH THE CO-DRIVER DIRECTING THE SUBMERGED DRIVER; AND (RIGHT) EMERGING FROM THE WATER IN THE 6-FT.-DEEP TEST TANK.



A CAMBRIDGE CARRIER WADING THROUGH 6 FT. OF WATER. THE SIDES ARE OF FOLDING CANVAS, AND ARE NORMALLY CARRIED FOLDED, CONCERTINA-FASHION, ON THE TOP.



A 5-CWT. TRUCK PROCEEDING STEADILY THROUGH 6 FT. OF WATER. THE MEN ARE STANDING AND THEIR HANDS CAN BE SEEN UNDER WATER ON THE WINDSCREEN EDGE. NOTE THE FORWARD PRESSURE WAVE OF WATER.



DRIVING A WATERPROOFED 1-TON TRUCK THROUGH DEEP WATER. THE DRIVER AND CO-DRIVER ARE STANDING UP AND LOOKING OUT THROUGH HINGED TRAPS FITTED IN THE ROOF OF THE DRIVING CAB. THIS LOAD CARRIER IS FULLY "TROPICALISED."

At the Fighting Vehicles Research and Development Establishment near Chertsey, there was held on September 30 a demonstration of British military vehicles—a display held primarily to promote export sales and attended by King Feisal of Iraq, and by many representatives of foreign Governments and private buyers. The exhibition included nearly 100 different vehicles designed for military use; and undoubtedly the most spectacular of the demonstrations were those in which a number of waterproofed vehicles proceeded through a wading trough of water

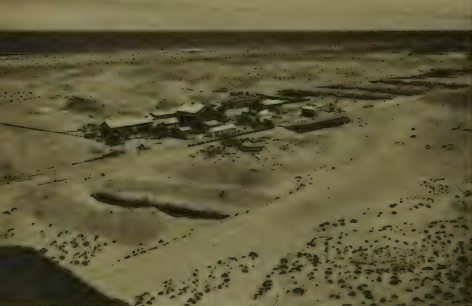


THE WORLD'S FIRST GAS-TURBINE-PROPELLED HEAVY TRACKED VEHICLE DURING ITS DEMONSTRATION AT CHERTSEY. IT IS CONSIDERED PURELY AS A MOBILE TEST-BED FOR A GAS-TURBINE ENGINE CAPABLE OF DEVELOPING 1000 H.P.

6 ft. deep. Particularly impressive was the performance of the scout car (shown at the top of the page), in which the driver can be completely below the water. The most notable exhibit, in an entirely different class, was, however, the first heavy tracked vehicle driven by a gas-turbine engine. This has been developed by the Establishment in collaboration with Messrs. C. A. Parsons and Co., Ltd., of Newcastle-on-Tyne; and consists of a newly-designed gas turbine fitted to a tank chassis. It is not yet considered as a vehicle, but rather as a mobile test bed.

"OPEN CAST" MINING FOR DIAMONDS: WINNING THE SANDS OF THE NAMIB DESERT, ON

THE MOST PRECIOUS OF STONES FROM BENEATH THE COAST OF SOUTH-WEST AFRICA.



WHERE DIAMONDS ARE RECOVERED BY THE MOST MODERN METHOD: THE CENTRAL RECOVERY PLANT AT THE CONSOLIDATED DIAMOND MINES OF SOUTH-WEST AFRICA.



ONLY A FEW YARDS FROM THE ATLANTIC COAST-LINE: THE JIG PLANT WHICH IS PART OF THE FIELD SCREENING PLANT AT UUDVELY, ON THE DIAMOND COAST.



PLAYING AN IMPORTANT RÔLE AGAINST AN OLD ENEMY—SAND—IN "OPERATION DIAMONDS": FREEMAN TANKS HELPING TO RECOVER DIAMONDS IN THE SOUTH-WEST AFRICAN DESERT.



BENEATH THE EXPERTS' EYES: MATERIAL THAT HAS COME FROM THE RECOVERY PLANT IS EXAMINED BY EXPERTS, WHO REMOVE THE DIAMONDS FROM IT.



USING FREEMAN TANKS TO RECOVER DIAMONDS: A SMALL ROTARY SCOOP AND TWO PORTABLE STACKER CONVEYERS, EACH MOUNTED ON A TANK CHASSIS, CLEARING SAND.



BEFORE MINING OPERATIONS START: A PROSPECTOR AND NATIVE WORKERS CUTTING A PROSPECTING TRENCH IN THE ANCIENT MARINE TERRACES TO SEE IF THEY CONTAIN DIAMONDS.



THE VALUABLE RESIDUE: A FEW GLITTERING STONES ON A GREASE TABLE EMERGE FROM THE MANY THOUSANDS OF TONS OF SAND AND GRAVEL.



USED TO RECOVER DIAMONDS WHICH ARE TOO SMALL TO BE SEPARATED SATISFACTORILY BY GREASE BELTS: AN ELECTROSTATIC SEPARATOR.



AT LAST! AN AFRICAN MINERWORKER PICKING UP A DIAMOND, KNOWN AS A "PICK-UP," WHICH HE HAS UNEARTHED IN THE GRAVEL. AS THE DIAMOND HAS BEEN FOUND IN THE WORKINGS THE MINERWORKER WILL BE PAID A BONUS.



BEFORE A MINING AREA IS ABANDONED: THE BEDROCK BEING SWEEP CLEAN WITH A DOMESTIC YARD BROOM TO ENSURE THAT NO DIAMONDS ARE LEFT BEHIND.



ALONGSIDE A PROSPECTING TRENCH: A NATIVE MINERWORKER SHOVELLING DIAMONDIFEROUS GRAVELS INTO A HAND-OPERATED TROMMEL (A REVOLVING CYLINDRICAL SIEVE) FOR SIZING.

DURING the desert warfare of World War II, photographs of tanks operating in the sand were not unusual. To-day those tanks are being put to a very different use in the South-West African desert, where they are playing an important part in the recovery of diamonds. The diamond coast of South-West Africa lies along the seaboard of the Namib Desert, stretching from Walvis Bay southwards to the Orange River. Here, in this waterless region, the Consolidated Diamond Mines extract from the gravels, which lie under the sand, gem diamonds of fine quality. These fields, which were once run by German companies, now provide employment for some 600 Europeans and 4600 natives. In mining for the diamonds vast

quantities of overburden must be removed to reach the diamondiferous gravels of the old marine beaches. As can be imagined, the technical problems of recovery are extremely complex and call for special equipment. In 1948 Sherman tanks, which had done battle in the Libyan sands, began the more peaceful task of winning diamonds in the Namib Desert by serving first as tractors for scrapers and then by providing the chassis for the rotary scoops and portable stack conveyers, which remove and dump great volumes of sand. The quantity of gravel and sand excavated is over 1,500,000 tons a month, which means that every 1-120th oz. of diamonds recovered calls for the transference of nearly 30 tons of material.



THE REWARD OF A WEEK'S MINING OPERATIONS: TRAYS CONTAINING SOME 15,000 ROUGH DIAMONDS, WEIGHING ABOUT 13,000 CARATS. IN ORDER TO RECOVER THE GEMS SOME 135,000,000 TIMES THE VOLUME OF THE DIAMONDS MUST BE MOVED.

THE END OF AN OLD ROYAL YACHT: STRIPPING H.M.Y. VICTORIA AND ALBERT.



STRIPPING THE OLD ROYAL YACHT, *VICTORIA AND ALBERT III*. FOREGROUND, THE ORNATE WHEEL, WHICH WAS IN THE *ROYAL GEORGE* AND ALL THREE *VICTORIA AND ALBERTS*.



THE LAST COMMANDER OF *VICTORIA AND ALBERT*: LIEUT.-COMMANDER R. WOODFORD (RIGHT), LOOKING, WITH LIEUT.-COMMANDER E. J. SAWDY, AT A SOVEREIGN FOUND BENEATH THE FOOTING OF THE FOREMAST.



PANELLING AND HAND-RAILS FROM THE MAIN STAIRCASE OF THE ROYAL APARTMENTS BEING REMOVED. THEY ARE DESTINED FOR H.M.S. *EXCELLENT*.



THE BOWS OF THE FIFTY-THREE-YEAR-OLD ROYAL YACHT *VICTORIA AND ALBERT*, NOW BEING STRIPPED. THE SCROLL-HEAD AND ROYAL ARMS HAVE BEEN ALLOTTED TO THE R.N. BARRACKS, PORTSMOUTH.

THE former Royal yacht, *Victoria and Albert III*, laid down in 1897 and first commissioned in 1901, is being handed over to the British Iron and Steel Corporation for breaking up. Her most valuable pieces of furniture have been already transferred either to H.M.Y. *Britannia* or to Buckingham Palace; but a number of mementoes are being stripped and presented to various institutions and establishments. To the Maritime Museum go: an anchor, the wardroom stove, a fireplace and surrounds from the Queen's drawing-room, two semi-circular cupboards from the base of the mizzen mast, and the Royal Arms and scroll from the stern. To the R.N. Barracks, Portsmouth, go: panelling and wall-lights from the Royal accommodation, some cannon, a bell and the figurehead (strictly speaking, a scroll-head). The Merchant Taylors Company receive the silver ship's bell, which they originally presented to the ship. To a number of naval barracks and shore establishments are being distributed a quantity of ornamental lanterns of Grecian design; H.M.S. *Excellent* receives the main staircase and doors from the Royal apartments, and H.M.S. *Royal Arthur*, the Petty Officers' School at Corsham, some upper-deck gear, including davits. Under the footings of the three masts have been found various coins placed there as gifts from Queen Victoria, King Edward VII. (when Prince of Wales) and King George V. (when Duke of York).



THE NEW ROYAL YACHT: THE SURGING BEAUTY OF BRITANNIA'S BOWS REVEALED IN FULL SPLENDOUR.

Ordered from Messrs. John Brown and Co. in February 1952, launched by H.M. the Queen in April 1953 and accepted by the Admiralty in January 1954, the Royal yacht *Britannia* is now in dry-dock in Portsmouth Dockyard, undergoing her first overhaul; and standing there with only the blocks and props to support her gross tonnage of 5769 tons, she presents a singularly beautiful spectacle, her smooth, surging bows, surmounted with the Royal Arms, being in striking contrast to the

bows of H.M.Y. *Victoria and Albert* (now being dismantled for scrapping) as they appear on the opposite page. Another interesting point of contrast which may be mentioned is that whereas *Victoria and Albert* was a notoriously unstable ship, *Britannia* has proved steady and seaworthy. She is fitted with stabilisers; and it was noted during trials in heavy weather, with the ship rolling 40 degrees out to out, the stabilising gear reduced the rolls to 10 degrees out to out.

FOR the last six months I have taken an interest in the fate of the Japanese trawler-hand Aikichi Kuboyama. The reason is that, though thousands of miles away, I was in a sense brought close to him. I must be one of the very few people in Europe who have seen his photograph. If I had thought of asking for a copy, I could have had one printed. I wrote on this page of having sat in early April at an International Red Cross Conference at Geneva beside a Japanese doctor and medical professor. Though remarkably young-looking, he had retired from his appointment at the Tokyo University Hospital, though he still visited it frequently to talk to the young doctors. When the fishing vessel, the name of which may be translated as *Lucky Dragon*—ironical title—returned from the Pacific, he was made chief, or chairman, of a group of doctors to treat members of the crew injured by radioactive dust or "ashes" produced by the explosion of the Bikini hydrogen bomb in March. Twenty-three had been affected, Aikichi Kuboyama being the worst case. I think I am justified in returning to the subject to-day.

The doctor rather expected to receive news of this fisherman's death, but one morning he showed me the translation of a cabled report indicating that the immediate crisis was over. He made it clear, however, that this was no guarantee of the man's eventual survival; the effects of the radioactive dust were often slow, a gradual penetration to vital parts of the body. I wrote at the time that the photographs of this man and other affected members of the crew could not be called ghastly. I likened the apparent injuries to an extreme form of the burns which an imprudent sun-bather not far from the Equator might be expected to suffer. Their significance made them grim, but they were not horrible. The doctor said that if the men had possessed some knowledge of how to cleanse themselves, their clothing and their ship, the effects would have been greatly reduced. Unfortunately, before the accident the owners of a trawler fleet could hardly be expected to provide instruction of this sort for their crews.

Aikichi Kuboyama died on September 23. He had been a symbolic figure for a few weeks in the spring, was then forgotten, and has now risen to still higher symbolic importance. The Japanese Foreign Minister, Mr. Katsuo Okazaki, went to the hospital on the 24th and burnt incense at a memorial shrine which had already been opened. Crowds then filed past it. The Cabinet met and decided to accord a sum equivalent to £5000 to the widow. Mr. Allison, the United States Ambassador, sent one of £1000 and a message conveying "the deep sympathy of the American Government and people." Collections were taken in the streets. The Japanese Trades Union Congress demanded that the manufacture of atomic and hydrogen bombs should stop. Mr. Okazaki himself announced that he was requesting the United States Government to cease using the Bikini testing area.

The wave of indignation which swept the country showed signs of developing into hysteria. Reports of the alleged descent of fresh radioactive dust in the western and northern districts of the main island of Honshu added to the unrest. This descent was said to be due to a Russian test of a hydrogen bomb off Wrangel Island, off the extreme north-east coast of Russia, early in September. The Press made a true but not very novel or helpful review of the situation. America, it said, would not stop work on the thing, because Russia refused to; Russia would not stop, because America would not; the only possible solution was to reach agreement between the two sides. So the humble Aikichi Kuboyama became for the second time one of the most talked-of men in the world, on this occasion after he had left it.

These reactions may be felt to be marked by inconsistency, even childlike crudity, but they should not be under-estimated. They are based on deep feeling. They represent a natural, if ill-expressed, resentment of a terrible force, created by men, which menaces the world of men. Aikichi Kuboyama and the scenes which have followed his death stand for world fear. As regards the reproach of crudity, we who like to think of ourselves as superior spirits have commonly produced no more suitable comments. It is one of those cases in which an individual nation may be able to plead justification for its action, but in which the whole picture, as seen by an onlooker from another planet, would make the world appear to be mad. The world is producing at colossal cost a blind and frightful weapon of destruction, one so powerful that its effects cannot be controlled and cannot even be accurately estimated.

The ignorant or those with short memories may be inclined to agree with the verdict of the Japanese

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

AIKICHI KUBOYAMA, FISHERMAN.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

Press that it is a case of six of one and half-a-dozen of the other. If we call to mind the situation immediately after the end of the Second World War we shall see how erroneous this is. Then, when the United States was demobilising with almost frantic haste, Soviet Russia retained an Army so strong that it could have overwhelmed the forces of the whole world in arms at that moment. It was so superfluously powerful for the needs of defence that it wore the air of the machinery of aggression, and may well have been such at that time. Yet only when Russian behaviour began to match the spirit of her armed might—and, in particular, after she had launched the North Korean satellites into violent action—did the United States begin seriously to rearm and to aid her friends to do so also. The strength which the United States has

effect would be to reduce the relative strength of the United States to a frightening extent. Hence the long deadlock on the subject. New proposals have appeared from time to time, and quite recently the Russian attitude to the question seems to have approached realism rather more closely. Some observers apparently see a faint chance of an understanding. They argue that reflection, combined with the vast increase in the destructive power of the new bombs over those originally dropped on Japan, may have exercised a chastening effect. They hope, if vaguely, that men may have become so appalled by the means of destruction which they themselves have created as to be roused to an effort to bring them under control.

To my mind, no good service would be done by belittling the influences opposed to such a happy development. The abandonment of a weapon once formally adopted for the purpose of waging war is almost unheard of. Practices, such as the poisoning of wells, cannot be counted as precedents, because they were always reprobated and never countenanced. Poison gas, it is true, came into general use in the First World War and was not employed in the Second.

The general opinion is, however, that this was due to the belief that the character of the later war had made it lose part of its efficacy. Nor can we feel fully assured that it will never be used again. Any Government strong in atomic weapons which contemplated entering into a pact to abandon their manufacture would find itself faced by extremely strong, well-entrenched, opposition. Its military advisers would seek to persuade it that it could never rely on potential foes to observe such an undertaking. They would urge, perhaps with truth, that it would be betraying its own citizens, exposing them to destruction without the means of delivering a counterstroke, and dooming the nation to overwhelming defeat, the break-up of its culture, and slavery. One can imagine controversy becoming interminable.

If I were called on to look on the bright side, to paint a picture of the future in reasonably optimistic colours, it would not take the form of a ban on atomic weapons within the next few years. Its main feature would be the avoidance of another world war, the sort of war in which such weapons are most likely to be used. It would not omit the possibility of secondary wars of the type of that fought in Korea; unwelcome, wasteful and dangerous though these would be, they would not of themselves be ruinous to civilisation. I can honestly say that I regard this prospect as rather more attainable than it was a short time ago, though I obviously cannot exclude the risk of a sudden plunge into the abyss. And when we lament the threat embodied in the new weapons, we should not disregard the possibility that they may have contributed to the slight alleviation of the threat of a world war. They have already, so far as can be judged, strengthened the free world, even though the Communist world also possesses them, and is making rapid progress in their development.

Does this mean that I would bar all negotiation for the control or elimination of atomic weapons? The answer is in the negative. What I should be inflexibly opposed to would be the abolition of atomic warfare—supposing it to be possible at the present moment, which is doubtful—without general measures of disarmament. That would be a step which neither the United States nor the United Kingdom could afford. It would also, in my view, be more likely to provoke another world war than to stave it off. If we were to be so fortunate as to get the chance of considering any scheme of balanced disarmament, with guarantees on which we could rely, we ought to take it. I am confident that we should take it. But as we stand at present it would be fatal and self-destructive sentimentality to ban the new weapons while allowing the conventional armaments of the Communist world to remain at their present colossal strength.

Aikichi Kuboyama stands for the inarticulate masses of the world pursued by the monstrous achievements of modern science. I have said that he is symbolic, and it is for that reason that his death is of more moment than that of a large number killed in, let us say, road accidents, though their loss is equally distressing to kith and kin. Yet we have to bear in mind the plain fact that a false step might condemn to his fate vast numbers of our citizens, or, for that matter, of his. The course dictated purely by sentiment is sometimes the most cruel. Let us consider every appeal to the dictates of humanity, but at the same time make sure, before being borne away by emotion, that it does not bear with it the betrayal of humanity.

THE WORLD'S FIRST HYDROGEN-BOMB VICTIM.



THE JAPANESE FISHERMAN AIKICHI KUBOYAMA, WHO DIED ON SEPTEMBER 23 AS THE RESULT OF INJURIES FROM RADIOACTIVE DUST FROM THE HYDROGEN-BOMB TEST OF MARCH 1, LYING IN HOSPITAL SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH. WITH HIM ARE HIS MOTHER, WIFE AND DAUGHTER.

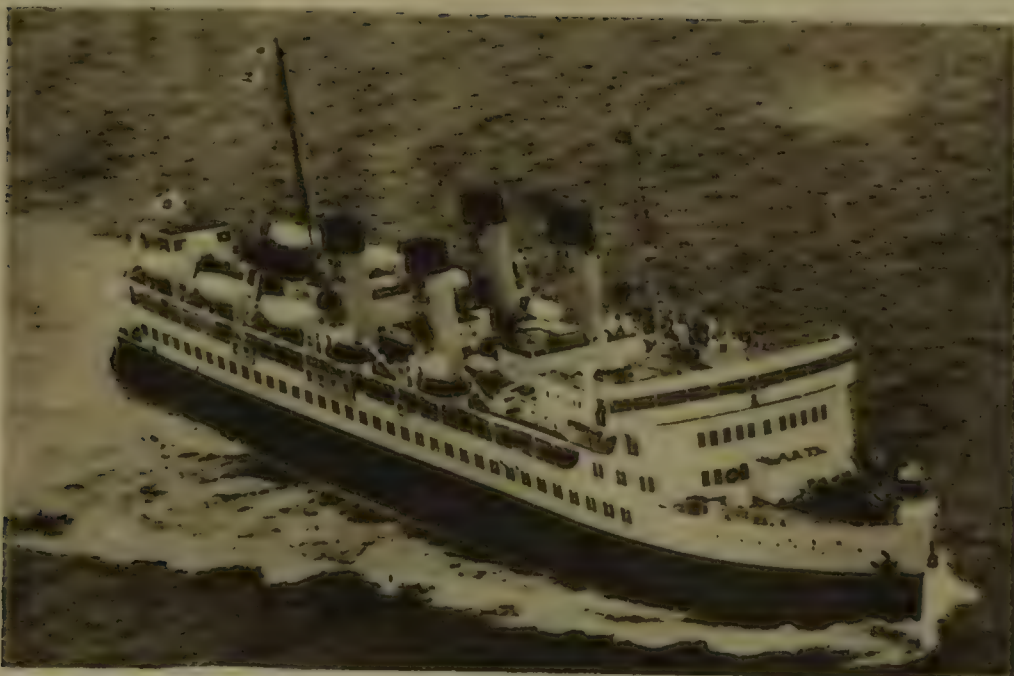


THE JAPANESE FOREIGN MINISTER, KATSUO OKAZAKI (CENTRE, TO RIGHT OF MICROPHONE), AT A PRESS CONFERENCE AFTER A CABINET MEETING ABOUT JAPAN'S CLAIMS ON THE UNITED STATES FOR DAMAGES BY THE HYDROGEN-BOMB TEST OF MARCH 1.

On September 23 Aikichi Kuboyama, one of the twenty-three members of the trawler *Fukuryu Maru* (*Lucky Dragon*) who were still in hospital as the result of injuries from radioactive dust from the American hydrogen-bomb test at Bikini on March 1, died after a coma following jaundice and symptoms of pneumonia. His death has aroused deep feelings in Japan, and the Japanese T.U.C. has called on America to stop the manufacture of uranium and hydrogen bombs. The Japanese Cabinet has decided to allot the equivalent of £5000 to the widow; and the U.S. Ambassador sent her £1000 and a message containing "the deep sympathy of the American Government and people." A Japanese newspaper reported a fall of radioactive dust in northern and western Honshu, presumably as the result of a recent Russian hydrogen bomb test near Wrangel Island. "Aikichi Kuboyama," writes Captain Falls on this page, "stands for the inarticulate masses of the world pursued by the monstrous achievements of modern science." But in respect of world reaction to his death, he also writes: "But as we stand at present it would be fatal and self-destructive sentimentality to ban the new weapons while allowing the conventional armaments of the Communist world to remain at their present colossal strength."

since created, with that developed by the more powerful of her partners in the North Atlantic Treaty, has gone a certain way to redress the balance in conventional armaments, yet Russian predominance in that field has been maintained.

In these circumstances, the only proposals made by Russia for dealing with the threat of atomic weapons have been one-sided. To suggest banning all manufacture as a first step towards a measure of disarmament is a contribution to the discussion which can deceive none but the blind. Just as Russia is by far the stronger in conventional weapons, so is the United States—up to the present, interject the cautious—in nuclear weapons. Thus, if both sides were to be denuded simultaneously of the latter, the



SUNK IN THE TYPHOON, WITH THE LOSS OF OVER A THOUSAND LIVES: THE RAILWAY FERRY TOYA MARU (4300 TONS) AS SHE APPEARED BEFORE THE DISASTER.

THE JAPANESE TYPHOON DISASTER: A FERRY WRECK IN WHICH OVER 1000 PEOPLE DIED.



ALMOST SUBMERGED: THE HULL OF THE CAPSIZED FERRY TOYA MARU AFTER THE DISASTER IN HAKODATE BAY IN NORTH JAPAN.



THE SCENE IN HAKODATE BAY AFTER THE TYPHOON: RESCUE WORKERS RECOVERING THE BODIES OF PASSENGERS WHO WERE DROWNED WHEN THE TOYA MARU CAP-SIZED. THE HULL OF THE ILL-FATED VESSEL CAN BE SEEN OFF-SHORE.



WASHED ASHORE FROM THE WRECKED FERRY: SOME OF THE DÉBRIS FROM THE OVERTURNED TOYA MARU LITTERING THE SHORE OF HAKODATE HARBOUR.



ON THE DÉBRIS-STREWN BEACH AFTER THE TYPHOON HAD SUBSIDED: LIFEBOATS AND A LIFE-RAFT FROM THE WRECKED OCEAN FERRY.



THE PASSENGER LIST OF THE TOYA MARU: PEOPLE LOOKING ANXIOUSLY AT THE NAMES OF THOSE WHO HAD SAILED IN THE RAILWAY FERRY.

A typhoon which hit northern Japan on September 26 sank 876 ships—the highest total in Japanese maritime history—damaged 3467 ships and grounded 130. But the worst disaster, in terms of human lives, occurred when the railway ferry *Toya Maru* (4300 tons) capsized outside Hakodate Harbour, with the loss of over 1000 people. The ferry, designed to carry railway trains, and with 1252 passengers on board, was caught by the full force of the typhoon and her engine rooms were swamped. Her captain gave the order to beach, but she was swept on to the rocks.

The railway carriages are reported to have torn loose and to have crashed to one side of the vessel, rolling her over in the water just outside Hakodate Harbour, in Japan's northernmost island of Hokkaido. After the storm had abated, over 500 bodies were washed ashore, but many were still entombed in the overturned ship. On September 29 the number of divers working on the wreck was increased to forty, and it was agreed to open up the exposed keel of the vessel. The Japanese National Railways said that those on board included some American soldiers and their families.

THE LABOUR PARTY AT SCARBOROUGH—AND THE ECLIPSE OF MR. BEVAN.



(ABOVE.) THE SCENE AT THE LABOUR PARTY CONFERENCE AT SCARBOROUGH ON SEPTEMBER 28, WHEN MR. ATTLEE WAS SPEAKING ON GERMAN REARMAMENT—WHICH WAS APPROVED BY A VERY NARROW MAJORITY.

THE Labour Party Conference opened at Scarborough on September 27 and the first day was marked by a Bevanite motion opposing the S.E.A.T.O. scheme, which was defeated by a large majority. The following day, September 28, was the most important and indeed crucial day of the Conference, as it concerned the executive's resolution favouring a German contribution to collective defence and it ended with a narrow majority for the executive. In the course of the debate, a former opponent of German rearmament, Mr. Donnelly, said that after recent visits to East and West Germany he had completely changed his views and

[Continued opposite.



MR. ATTLEE ADDRESSING THE LABOUR PARTY CONFERENCE AT SCARBOROUGH ON THE QUESTION OF GERMAN REARMAMENT.



MR. HERBERT MORRISON, AT THE LABOUR PARTY CONFERENCE. HE LATER PLEDGED THE PARTY TO RE-NATIONALISATION OF ROAD TRANSPORT.



MR. HUGH GAITSKELL, THE FORMER SOCIALIST CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, WHO, DEFEATED MR. ANEURIN BEVAN BY TWO TO ONE IN THE ELECTION FOR PARTY TREASURER.

[Continued.]

accused Mr. Bevan, saying that some people would bear "a very heavy responsibility in history for their folly." Pandemonium broke out and soon after Mr. Bevan left the session. On the same day Mr. Gaitskell defeated Mr. Bevan by a very large majority for the post of Party Treasurer; and thus, for the first time in ten years, Mr. Bevan is no longer a member of the executive of the party. On the following day (September 29), in a rally at Scarborough, Mr. Bevan, in a bitter speech, attacked the miners' leader, Mr. Ernest Jones, and also the political and Trades Union leadership in the Party, saying that apparently what was required as a political leader was a "desiccated calculating machine." On September 30 Mr. Morrison pledged the Party to re-nationalisation of road transport if they regained power; and Miss Herbison spoke of the necessity of putting an end to "paid beds" in hospitals.



MR. ANEURIN BEVAN AT SCARBOROUGH, WHERE HE LOST HIS SEAT ON THE PARTY EXECUTIVE AND BITTERLY ATTACKED THE PARTY LEADERSHIP.

"ONE OF THE GREATEST CONFERENCES OF ALL TIME": MR. EDEN'S TRIUMPH.



SIGNING THE "FINAL ACT":
DR. J. W. BEYEN, THE FOREIGN
MINISTER OF THE NETHERLANDS.



ADDING HIS SIGNATURE TO THE FINAL PROTOCOL
AT LANCASTER HOUSE: M. JOSEPH BECH, THE
FOREIGN MINISTER OF LUXEMBURG.



SIGNING THE PROTOCOL FOR CANADA: MR. LESTER
B. PEARSON, CANADA'S SECRETARY OF STATE FOR
EXTERNAL AFFAIRS.



SIGNING THE DOCUMENT FOR HIS
COUNTRY: SIGNOR MARTINO, THE
ITALIAN FOREIGN MINISTER.



DURING THE SIGNING OF THE FINAL PROTOCOL IN THE STATE DRAWING-ROOM AT LANCASTER HOUSE: THE NINE MEN WHO TOOK PART "IN ONE OF THE GREATEST CONFERENCES OF ALL TIME": (L. TO R.) MR. DULLES (U.S., ABOUT TO SIGN); DR. BEYEN (NETHERLANDS); M. BECH (LUXEMBURG); SIGNOR MARTINO (ITALY); MR. EDEN (GREAT BRITAIN); DR. ADENAUER (GERMANY); M. MENDÈS-FRANCE (FRANCE); MR. LESTER PEARSON (CANADA) AND M. SPAAK (BELGIUM).



SIGNING THE PROTOCOL FOR GREAT BRITAIN:
MR. EDEN, CHAIRMAN OF THE LONDON CONFERENCE.



SHAKING HANDS: THE FRENCH PREMIER, M. MENDÈS-FRANCE,
AND DR. ADENAUER, THE GERMAN FEDERAL CHANCELLOR (RIGHT).



SIGNING THE DOCUMENT FOR THE UNITED STATES:
MR. JOHN FOSTER DULLES, SECRETARY OF STATE.

The nine-Power London conference which opened at Lancaster House on September 28 ended on October 3 with agreement between the Foreign Ministers of the nations taking part—France, Western Germany, Belgium, the Netherlands, Luxembourg, Italy, Canada, the United States and Great Britain. The "final act" of the conference and accompanying protocols, which were signed on October 3, declared that the Western Powers would end the occupation of Germany as soon as possible and that the German Federal Republic, with restored sovereignty, should enter N.A.T.O. and that Germany and Italy should enter the Brussels Treaty organization. Germany agreed to important restrictions on armament production, including absolute prohibition of atomic, chemical and biological weapons.

Dr. Adenauer, the German Chancellor, also declared that the Federal Republic "undertakes never to have recourse to force to achieve the reunification of Germany or the modification of the present boundaries of the German Federal Republic." It was also agreed at the conference that an agency should be set up within the Brussels Treaty organization for the control of armaments on the Continent of Europe of the continental members of the organization. Speaking at Lancaster House, Mr. Dulles, the U.S. Secretary of State, paid a striking tribute to Mr. Eden. He spoke of his leadership not only as chairman of the conference, but in the preliminary work before it, and said that he believed that "this conference will go down in history as one of the greatest conferences of all time."

THE GREAT ROMANTIC ARTIST OF THE COUNTER REFORMATION.

"EL GRECO"; By ANTONINA VALLENTIN.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

EL GRECO, "The Greek"—Domenico Theotocopoulos—did most of his work in Toledo and died there. He is therefore commonly referred to as an outstanding figure in "The Spanish School." But by birth he was a Cretan, and before he went to Spain had worked under Titian at Venice, where he was subject to influences which dominated his painting during his earlier period, before he reverted to his ancestral Byzantinism, and acquired a preference for certain shades of colour—notable in a variety of men, from the Bassani to Veronese—which he never lost. But I think that Madame Vallentin goes rather far when she repeatedly calls him an "Oriental." He was no more an Oriental—or what word would there be for a Chinese?—than North Africa and Palestine are (to quote a familiar misnomer) the "Middle East." In fact, if she insists that he was an Oriental, she must regard herself as one, for she was born in Lwów, a Polish town, now in possession of the Muscovites. Later, like El Greco, she gravitated westward. She painted in Poland; she studied philosophy in Berlin; she wrote a thesis on Art in Florence; she was "put in charge of a five-language review published by *The Manchester Guardian* on 'The Reconstruction of Europe,' under the ægis of Maynard Keynes"; and then she married a Frenchman and settled in France. And in literature she seems to have been as nomadic as in life. That a biographer of El Greco should also have written a book about Leonardo and be at work on one about Pieter Breughel the Elder, seems natural. That she should have produced a book about Heine

the erectors of Stonehenge have upon those of Sir Winston Churchill. But as soon as I had got into the body of the book I was forced to admit that this versatile authoress had done her work extremely well, both as historian and as critic of art.

I wish that the book—of course, that would have made it much more expensive—could have been illustrated in colour. Persons familiar with El Greco may derive much information from the hundred photographic illustrations here purveyed: but I doubt if anybody who had never seen an El Greco would "have a clue" to the quality of his prime from monochrome illustrations only. His distortions and elongations of human faces and figures (in the manner of Byzantium and the glass-engravings projected for that strange caprice, the new Coventry Cathedral) are, of course, visible in photographs: for a long time after his death they made him the butt of

orthodox critics, and a generally neglected genius; and, in our own time, when distortion is worshipped for distortion's sake, they have made him fashionable. Some writers, confronted with these slab-faces and elongated bodies, have supposed that there must have been something wrong with El Greco's vision, which the Welfare State's spectacles might, perhaps, have corrected. But that isn't true. He was at first influenced by the Venetians, painted sometimes as a man of the Baroque decay (if I may use the phrase without offence), and then reverted to the Greek hieratic tradition which suited the mood of his suffering saints. But no observations of this sort can convey the strange quality of his paintings, their light and colour, the radiant or tormented skies. Madame Vallentin makes gallant efforts to convey precisely what it was that made his pictures unique. Thus, for example: "After the transformation of forms, that evasion of reality which had been the turning-point of his art, El Greco proceeded to the transformation of light. It turned to crystal, it became steel, it cut through the figures like a sharp blade. Colours were lightened to transparency, the former saturation with old gold gave way to an icy clarity. From now on, the last trace of acquired craft vanished. El Greco no longer first drew a sketch in bistre, ochre or terracotta, as was *de rigueur* in Italian studios; he no longer primed his canvases with underpaint below his thickly laid-on colours. His long, flowing brushstrokes seem almost improvised, the layer of paint is so thin that nearly everywhere the texture of the canvas shows through. Colours have acquired an independence of their own; there is no relationship, no reciprocal influence between them; they are like the colours of a stained-glass window. St. Joseph's tunic is the greenish blue of deep water, his cloak the gold of a setting winter sun; the Child wears a red tunic which only emphasizes the diaphanous pallor of His little face. El Greco's Saints from now on were to live in a world of lunar brightness, where human beings would shiver with cold." That is a very good attempt at indicating his later technique and its uncanny power; but no such verbal attempt could really succeed.

The records of El Greco's life are patchy; we do not even know whether he ever married the mother of his son, and if not, why not? Toledo was a great ecclesiastical centre and convention strong. As Madame Vallentin quaintly remarks: "Philip himself remained implacable towards all errors of conduct, and imposed his own strict morality on his subjects. He himself never acknowledged his own illegitimate children." It seems, anyhow, that the strong propensity towards austerity manifested by El Greco the artist was by no means a characteristic of El Greco the man, a grandiose, extravagant, confident, almost swaggering

sort of person. He liked living in large houses on a princely scale, and he certainly worked like a hero to meet the costs. His output was enormous; some of his popular subjects were repeated scores of times, and, even though he had assistance in his studio, his stamp is always there, and it was his habit to produce variants rather than precise replicas. That the country and age which produced St. Teresa and St. John of the Cross should have felt drawn towards his



EL GRECO'S FAMILY. c. 1605.

"This picture is a curious one for its time," writes Mme. Vallentin, "unusual, above all, for Spain. . . . The painting is probably not entirely his [El Greco's] own work; it must have been finished by Jorge Manuel [El Greco's son]. It seems to represent his son's family; the young woman sewing is probably Doña Alfonso de los Morales, Jorge Manuel's wife."

Pitcairn Collection, Bryn Athyn, Pennsylvania.

art is not surprising; nor that the next age should have ignored him. One great disappointment he had. He was fond of Toledo and used it constantly in his landscape backgrounds. But he would have left it had Philip II. really given him the chance he wanted, namely, to let himself loose on the endless walls of the new Escorial. But Philip would not have him, preferring mediocre men.



BOY BLOWING CHARCOAL. c. 1574-76.

In writing of this picture Mme. Vallentin says: "It is in truth a work made up of borrowed elements; a deliberate effort at adaptation to an alien vision. One gesture alone betrays El Greco; the manner in which the urchin holds the charcoal on which he is blowing, with the tips of his fingers and with the forefinger extended. These tapering fingers, which seem to shrink from the objects they ought to be grasping firmly, were one of his peculiar characteristics—almost his secret signature."

Museo Nazionale, Naples.

Few though her actual biographical "facts" may be, Madame Vallentin gradually brings us into intimate contact with the man by means of successive descriptions of his works. As for the society in which he lived, it is a "gift" for a writer of her tastes and talents.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 612 of this issue.



"IS IT AN UNFINISHED PICTURE OR A NEW CONCEPTION, REPRESENTING FEATURELESS SAINTS IN A REALISTIC SETTING?" VISITATION OF THE VIRGIN. c. 1608-14.

Dumbarton Oaks Collection, Harvard University.

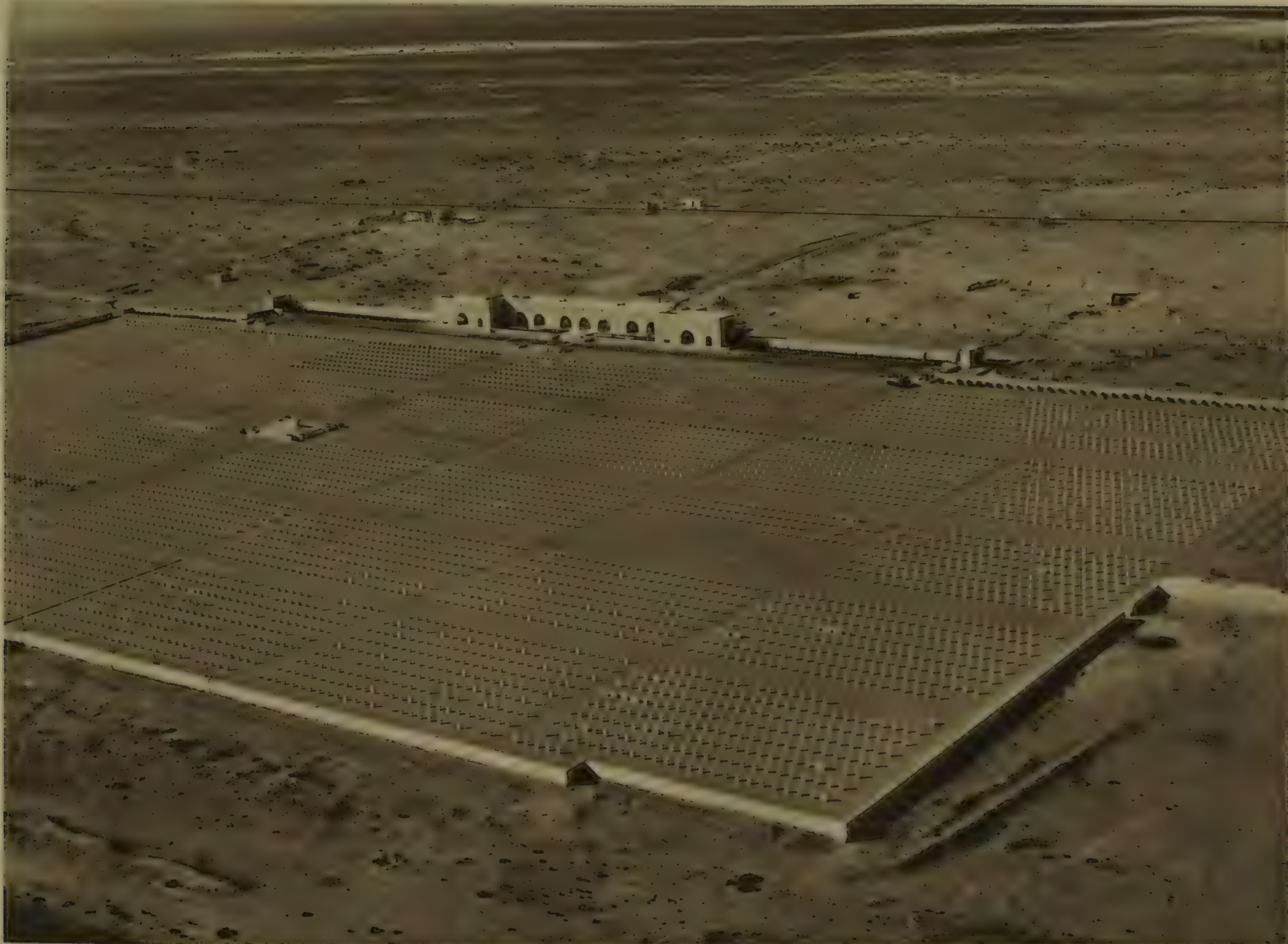
Illustrations reproduced from "El Greco"; by courtesy of the Publisher, Museum Press.

—after all, another sort of artist—is not surprising. But when one learns that she has also written lives of Mirabeau and (stranger still) of the late Herr Stresemann, one begins to think that she may be one of those altogether-too-versatile journalistic types, like the late Emil Ludwig, who will "take on" the life of any eminent man, in whatsoever sphere, provided that there is a public demand for it.

That accounts—I may as well be frank about it—for the antagonistic prejudice with which I approached this book. It was fortified by the first chapter, which, reviewing the history of Crete, and describing its successive conquerors, its snow-capped mountains, waterfalls and forests, gives the fashionable picturesque background without which no modern biography is considered complete—as though Pasiphaë and the Minotaur (whom she forgets to mention) had any more bearing on the career and mind of El Greco than

* "El Greco." By Antonina Vallentin. Translated from the French by Andrew Réval and Robin Chancellor. 101 Illustrations. (Museum Press; 30s.)

THE ALAMEIN MEMORIAL: TO BE UNVEILED BY LORD MONTGOMERY.



SEEN FROM THE SOUTH-EAST: AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE ALAMEIN CEMETERY AND THE MEMORIAL WHICH FIELD MARSHAL LORD MONTGOMERY HAS ARRANGED TO UNVEIL ON OCTOBER 24.



IN COMMEMORATION OF MEN WITH NO KNOWN GRAVES AND OF THEIR FELLOWS BURIED IN THE CEMETERY, WHO "TURNED THE TIDE OF WAR": THE ALAMEIN MEMORIAL—A VIEW OF THE CLOISTERS, WHICH CONTAIN PANELS OF PORTLAND STONE, BEARING 11,945 NAMES.

ON October 24 Field Marshal Lord Montgomery of Alamein, Commander of the Eighth Army in the Desert campaigns of 1942-43, will open the Alamein Memorial, built by the Imperial War Graves Commission on land given by the Egyptians on the northern side of the existing war cemetery at Alamein to which it forms the principal entrance. Designed by Sir Hubert Worthington, the memorial consists of a cloister of nearly 270 ft., in which are recorded the names of 8725 officers and men of the land forces killed in the western desert and Middle East, and 3220 members of the air forces of the British Commonwealth and Empire killed during operations from bases in the Eastern Mediterranean, the Near East and East Africa, "to whom the fortune of war denied a known and honoured grave." In the cemetery lie 7300 of their comrades of all Services, who are commemorated by individual headstones. The inscription on the cloister records that these men of all the Services "turned the tide of war." It will be remembered that a photograph of a model of the memorial appeared in our issue of August 7.



LOOKING SOUTHWARDS OVER THE CEMETERY TOWARDS THE CROSS OF SACRIFICE: A VIEW FROM THE CLOISTERS, WITH THE STONE OF REMEMBRANCE ON THE LEFT.



ACCOMPANIED BY WHAT LOOKS LIKE ANOTHER SHIP—IN ICE: THE U.S. COASTGUARD ICE-BREAKER WESTWIND IN THE ARCTIC OCEAN. The iceberg shown behind the U.S. Coastguard ice-breaker Westwind in this photograph is of a most unusual shape, and indeed resembles a ship as closely that Westwind seems to be accompanied by a double of herself in glittering ice.

THE WORLD SCENE FROM MANY VARIED TOPICAL INTEREST ON LAND



RESTORED ON HER BY ADMIRERS AFTER HER EPIC SWIM ACROSS LAKE ONTARIO: MISS MARILYN BELL AMID A SELECTION OF HER GREATLY-VARIED GIFTS. Miss Marilyn Bell is seen surrounded by gifts presented to her after her recent swim across Lake Ontario. They are astonishingly varied, and range from a silver tea service and a motor car to living pets and a selection of comestibles; and are said to represent but a tenth of those which are received.



WITH HER PAYING-OFF FENWANT FLYING: H.M.S. MAGPIE ARRIVING AT PORTSMOUTH AFTER EIGHT YEARS IN THE MEDITERRANEAN. Maggie returned to Portsmouth on October 1 after eight years' service in the Mediterranean. Her Maggie crest of the bird in flight is being presented to the Duke of Edinburgh, who commanded her from September 1950 till July 1951, and she is to have a new crest of a sitting magpie.



AFTER WINNING THE DAILY TELEGRAPH TROPHY RACE: STIRLING MOSS SAYING A FEW WORDS TO THE CROWD AT ANTWERP.

The British International motor-racing season closed at Antwerp on October 2 with a meeting organised for the Daily Telegraph by the British Automobile Racing Club. Of the five events staged, Stirling Moss won the three in which he drove, including the chief event, the 17-lap Daily Telegraph trophy race for Formula 1 cars. In this race he drove the Maserati entered by the Italian factory.

ANGLES: EVENTS AND PERSONALITIES OF AND SEA AND IN THE AIR



A HAZARDOUS ERRAND OF MERCY: LOWERING A MAN FROM THE FLEET AIR ARM HELICOPTER WHICH TOOK AN IRON LUNG TO AN AMERICAN TRANSPORT FOR A SICK CHILD. In answer to an S.O.S., a Fleet Air Arm helicopter picked up two hospital officials at Southampton and an iron lung for a child suffering from poliomyelitis on board a U.S. Germany-bound transport. In spite of rough weather, a member of the crew and the iron lung were successfully lowered.



THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF BOSTON, MASS., IN LONDON: MAJOR-GENERAL SIR JULIAN GASCOIGNE SALUTING THE COLOURS AT THE ARMOURY HOUSE PARADE. The Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, Massachusetts, U.S.A., recently arrived in London on an official visit. Major General Sir Julian Gascoigne inspected them at the London H.A.C. H.Q. Armoury House, before they marched to St. Botolph's Church for a parade service on October 3.



ADMIRING THE HAMILTON RUSSELL CUP WON BY THE RUSSIAN TEAM AT AMSTERDAM: MR. MIKHAIL BODWINNIK, THE WORLD CHAMPION, WITH MRS. BODWINNIK.

In the final placings of the International Chess Tournament at Amsterdam which ended on September 26, Soviet Russia took the leading place, with the Argentine second and Yugoslavia third. England was ninth.



IN THEIR PICTURESQUE FULL-DRRESS UNIFORMS: RIDERS FROM THE SWISS CAVALRY SCHOOL WHO ARRANGED TO GIVE A QUADRILLE AT THE HORSE OF THE YEAR SHOW. The Horse of the Year Show at Harringay, organised by the British Show Jumping Association, is due to end to-day, October 9. One of the striking features in this year's programme was the quadrille, with movements and music reminiscent of the early eighteenth century, which riders from the Swiss Cavalry School arranged to give.



WITNESSED BY OVER 90,000 ROMAN CATHOLICS: CARDINAL GRIFFIN, ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER, CROWNING THE STATUE OF OUR LADY OF WILSDEN AT WEMBLEY STADIUM. On October 3 over 90,000 Roman Catholics gathered at Wembley Stadium to witness the crowning of the statue of Our Lady of Wilsden by Cardinal Griffin. Two small gold crowns were placed on the heads of the figures of the Madonna and Child in a ceremony, described in a letter from the Pope as an appropriate act of reparation for what had happened to the shrine four centuries ago. The statue replaces the one at Wilsden which was destroyed in the reign of Henry VIII.



A TABLEAU IN THE MONTMARTRE MUSEUM: TOULOUSE-LAUTREC AND HIS MODELS IN THE WAXWORKS GROUP REPRESENTING THE ARTIST IN HIS STUDIO. The history of the district is depicted in a series of waxwork groups in the newly-opened Montmartre Museum. Our photograph shows that representing Toulouse-Lautrec, famous for his Moulin Rouge drawings, in his studio with models, who included famous cabé concert singers such as Jane Avril.



THE WORLD'S FIRST ATOMIC-POWERED SUBMARINE JOINS THE U.S. FLEET: NAUTILUS BEING HANDLED OVER TO THE U.S. NAVY BY THE BUILDERS. On September 30 the world's first atomic-powered submarine, Nautilus, 3000 tons, was officially handed over to the U.S. Navy by her builders, the General Dynamics Corporation, at Groton, Connecticut. The Nautilus, which was launched in January, is due to make her first sea trials later this month.



INVOKING THE PERSIAN SUN-GOD IN THE HEART OF SECOND-CENTURY LONDONIUM; A CEREMONY IN THE NEWLY DISCOVERED WALBROOK MITHRAEUM, CLOTHED WITH LIFE IN A VIVID RECONSTRUCTION.

At the time of writing the announcement had just been made that although the cost of preserving the newly discovered Temple of Mithras *in situ* had proved to be prohibitive, the owners of the Bucklersbury property on which it stands, the Legend Land Property Company (whose chairman is Mr. A. V. Bridgland), announced their intention of dismantling the remains and re-erecting them in the forecourt of the eventual Bucklersbury House at their own expense. This generous act will ensure that this unique temple will be preserved for ever in optimum conditions within 50 yards of its original position. But these remains, complete though they are in plan, call for both knowledge and imagination to bring them to life, and to people

them with worshippers. Our Artist, therefore, with Mr. Grimes' assistance, has reconstructed the interior of the temple and set the scene. Its total length is 60 ft. (from east to west) and its width 25 ft. It consists chiefly of a nave leading to an apsidal west end. There would stand, usually veiled in curtains, an elaborate relief of Mithras killing the bull. It seems certain that the first head found on the site was the head of Mithras in this relief, which would therefore be about 5 ft. square. Before the relief and between flat pilasters stood the altar, raised above the nave level, and approached by wooden steps, and covered by a pillared tabernacle. On either side of the nave was a low wall, carrying seven pillars with a single ovolo

moulding. On this wall ran a low sleeper wall, built round the bases of the columns, which carried beams which formed the floor of the two aisles. Towards the east end of the nave stood, facing each other, relief shrines of Cautes and Cautopates (Life and Death or Light and Darkness). Part of the Cautopates relief (with downturned torch) has been found and is shown on the left. At the feet of other columns stood small altars, it is presumed. The temple would be dark and cave-like—the small clerestory windows were for ventilation rather than illumination—and during the ceremony, two initiates of the ranks of Leo (Lion) and Corax (Raven) hold torches, while Pater (the Father) invokes the god at the altar. The worshippers

or members of the cult in so important a military and mercantile capital as Roman London would be senior officers and wealthy merchants, since as Professor Ian A. Richmond wrote in our issue of March 24, 1951 "army officers and merchants found in the teachings [of Mithras] the sources of strength they most needed. Invincibility, fortitude and vigilance were qualities a soldier could ardently desire and wholly understand: uprightness, fidelity and constancy, not to mention again fortitude and vigilance, were the virtues essential to continued mercantile success." An article by Mr. W. F. Grimes appears overleaf, together with a photograph of the head of Serapis, unexpectedly found on October 4.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY ALAN SORRELL, R.W.S., WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF MR. W. F. GRIMES, V.P.S.A.

LONDON'S UNIQUE MITHRAS TEMPLE: THE AMAZING WALBROOK SITE DESCRIBED—ITS IMPORTANCE AND ITS IMPLICATIONS.

By W. F. GRIMES, M.A., V.-P.S.A., F.M.A.

Director of the London Museum, Hon. Director of Excavations for the Roman and Mediæval London Excavation Council.

IN the London Museum, now at Kensington Palace, there are (amongst other fragments of the same period) two sculptures of outstanding interest. They are old finds which came to the museum from the Ransome Collection and about both of them the record is sufficiently inexact—they are said to have been found "twenty feet down, near the middle of the Walbrook." These figures acquire a new significance in the light of the discovery of the London Mithraeum, for one of them is a fragment of a sea- or river-god of good quality second-century workmanship, while the other is a more stereotyped Mithraic relief, the votive offering of one Ulpianus Silvanus, a veteran of the 2nd Augustan Legion at that time stationed at Caerleon-upon-Usk, in Monmouthshire. Both stones could well have been associated with the new temple, which can fairly be said to be "near the middle of Walbrook"; and "twenty feet down" is a reasonable approximation to the actual depth of its floors. But even if it had been possible to act upon the hints provided, no one with any experience of conditions below the cellar-floors of London could have begun to suspect that such a completely preserved building was awaiting discovery.

As such buildings go, the Walbrook temple is fairly large, with an overall length of some 60 ft. and a width of about 25 ft. Not only is the circuit of its walls almost completely preserved, but within the building most of the floor-deposits are untouched. By some strange chance modern foundations have done little to damage the Roman features; and while elsewhere in the city mediæval rubbish-pits, and the like, have often damaged or destroyed earlier remains, here a single chalk-lined well cuts into the outer south wall without impinging upon the interior.

The setting is in itself of some interest. In early Roman times—that is, in the second half of the first century A.D.—the immediate area was a broad hollow, evidently part of the valley of the Roman version of the Walbrook stream, which has long been accepted as rising somewhere to the north and flowing to the Thames through the city to divide the Roman walled area into two approximately equal parts. One purpose of the investigation which the Roman and Mediæval London Excavation Council has been pursuing for several years on this site was to study this part of the Walbrook valley; and it has now been established that while previously the stream was thought to follow the line of the street called Walbrook in Roman times, at least it was some distance further west. Here the bed of the stream—which was by no means a large one—has been found 22 ft. below the modern cellar-floor (that is, some 30 ft. below street-level).

Conditions were not identical on both sides of the valley. On the west there was much artificial building-up of the surface, with extensive use of timber structures, including revetments for the stream itself. On the east (where the general level was slightly lower) there seems to have been a semi-natural accumulation of silt and peaty layers to a depth of 5 or 6 ft. Preliminary tests of the peat have shown it to consist mainly of birch and alder pollen, implying a marshy thicket with occasional rough floors suggesting a very transitory human occupation in places. These deposits seem in due course to have been succeeded by some "dumping" on the site, and the temple was erected in this artificial material, with the rounded wall of its apse or sanctuary about 20 ft. to the east of the stream. The abundant material finds from the building have yet to be studied in detail, but a date after 150 A.D. seems most probable for its erection and at this time and later the temple seems to have been the only permanent structure for some little distance on this side of the valley.

The temple is well built, its chief material being Kentish ragstone, with levelling or bonding courses of tile. A feature of its construction is the massive character of the west end, with a square buttress on the crest of the apse and massive semicircular buttresses flanking it. There is some suggestion, yet to be confirmed, that some or all of these buttresses are afterthoughts added at an early stage while the building was being erected. In any case, their presence is indicative of the unstable nature of the surrounding ground.

The entrance to the temple was at the east end, where it may be presumed to open from a street on the edge of the marshy area, more or less on the line of the modern Walbrook. Flanking the doorway to the south is a small annexe, apparently a later addition to the main building, which passes under the street and cannot be further examined. This end of the temple has not been completely excavated at the time of writing, but beneath the wooden sill which belongs to one of its latest floors can be seen the top of the original stone sill, which is deeply worn on the inside, indicating that it is probably the uppermost of a short flight of steps to the floor of the sunken central nave or alley which is a feature of all Mithraea.

The nave, 11 ft. wide, runs the length of the building, from the entrance to the opening of the apse, the floor of which was raised high above those of the body of the temple as first designed. The nave is flanked by steeper walls, which not only carried stone columns separating it from the side aisles, but also supported and revetted the floors of the aisles. Timber had been

of the chord-wall of the apse rather than further back. A series of four shallow holes against the back wall of the apse is a feature which gives rise to some speculation. They may have held the supports for some kind of screen or reredos, or perhaps had something to do with the lighting arrangements which would have been provided for the illumination of the Mithraic sculpture. Normally concealed behind a curtain, the sculpture was exposed to the initiate at the appropriate stage and would then have been suitably lighted.

A further interesting structure was a timber-lined well in the south-west corner of the south aisle. This was presumably the source from which water was drawn for use in the rites. It was about 2 ft. deep and a little over 3 ft. square, and, like other timbers on this very wet site, its walls were in excellent condition.

This description of a columned hall with sunk central nave, raised side-aisles and elaborate apse applies to the temple as it would have appeared in the early years of its existence. Our knowledge of it is not quite complete, because the investigation of the east end is continuing; but we should expect to find here some traces of a screen separating the body of the temple from a narthex, or vestibule, and it is conceivable also that there will be other features to do with cult-ritual in this area. In any case, as time went on various structural changes were made, the details of which will only be settled after prolonged study of all the evidence.

Amongst such changes were the steady raising of the general floor-level, so that the last floor in the nave is some 3 ft. above the first; alterations in the arrangements for the side aisles, with at one stage the insertion of low walls between the pillars, presumably to support a new set of benches; a series of modifications of the layout of altars and other features in front of the apse, one of which led to the elimination of the timber-lined well. All this carries the story down into the fourth century: the last recognisable structural change was the insertion of a stone block in a hole dug through the last floor of the temple, to serve as a base for the last altar, which, now lost, must have occupied the centre-point of the apse. Amongst the timbers of a rough frame supporting the block were several finds, including a bronze coin of the early part of the reign of Constantine the Great (307–337 A.D.), which derives additional interest from the fact that it was minted in London. But by this time the temple must have become a shadow of its former self: already some part of its equipment of sacred images had been buried beneath its later floors in circumstances which are still obscure. Its interior, too, had been drastically remodelled, and it must have been re-roofed: the floor of the nave was now level with that of the apse; the stone columns had been removed—a fragment of one had been used to patch a hole near the south-east angle of the building—and had either been replaced by an arrangement of timbers or had given way to a simple chamber with no distinction between nave and aisles. Building debris on the last floor shows that it must have been allowed to fall into disuse at a time when it was still more or less isolated in its marshy surroundings—a time when already the last years of the Roman occupation must have been approaching.

It is impossible at the moment to assess the significance of the conditions in which the Mithraeum and the companion sculpture (now thought to be female and to represent Athene) were buried. The

completion of the excavation may well throw new light on this, and we shall then be able to judge whether here, as elsewhere, the concealment was deliberate and part of the fierce struggle which went on between the devotees of the Oriental mystery-cult and the Christians. Several problems here still await solution. In the meantime, the Walbrook temple, with its elaborate architectural treatment, and its rich furnishings of classical sculpture of the best quality of its time, stands in contrast to the other temples of the cult at present known in Britain. Mithras, the god of light, of strength and of the manly virtues, commanded a great following amongst the Roman soldiery: the temple at Carrawburgh on the Wall, described by Professor Richmond in *The Illustrated London News* for March 24, 1951, is the perfect example of the shrine of a military outpost in all its vigour and crudity. But Mithras was also venerated by the merchant classes as the god of probity and right-dealing; and the Walbrook temple, less completely preserved than that at Carrawburgh, gives us a glimpse of his worship by such a community in one of the greatest centres of trade and commerce of the time.



YET ANOTHER SCULPTURE DISCOVERED ON THE SITE OF THE WALBROOK MITHRAS TEMPLE: A BEARDED HEAD, ALMOST CERTAINLY THAT OF SERAPIS, WITH OTHER NEW FINDS.

On October 4, after Mr. Grimes' article on this page had gone to press, yet another magnificent sculpture was discovered on the site. This is a bearded head almost identical in style and attributes with the colossal bust of Zeus-Serapis, now in the Vatican. Serapis is an aspect of the Egyptian god Osiris, as the god of the lower world, and in the time of the Emperor Hadrian the worship of Serapis, especially considered as the god of healing, spread all through the Roman world. The projection above the head is the *modius*, or corn-measure, a symbol of the lower world. A colossal hand was discovered near by, and also a small statue of a reclining male figure, possibly that of Mercury, with a ram.

extensively used in the aisle floors which, with or without movable furniture, served as benches upon which the worshippers reclined. A feature of the sleeper walls is the concrete (*opus signinum*) settings upon which the pillars were erected: there were seven in all, spaced approximately 6 ft. apart, their diameters varying between 18 and 20 ins.

The floor of the semicircular sanctuary was raised nearly 3 ft. above the original floor of the nave. Here would have stood the chief group (depicting Mithras slaying the sacrificial bull) to which the head already found probably belongs. The apse seems to have been given a somewhat elaborate architectural treatment, and while it is difficult from the evidence that survives to be quite definite about the form which this took, one possibility is presented in Mr. Sorrell's drawing (pp. 594-595) which shows an altar beneath a tabernacle on the raised central portion of the front of the apse. That the opening of the apse had some form of division by columns is suggested both by certain remaining features and by a fragment of a comparatively slight column, which would appear not to have fitted anywhere else; but it is also possible that the sculptured group stood on the raised portion

"THE GREAT WHITE WHALE"—IN WALES.



RELAXATION FROM THE *MOBY DICK* FILM: TWO CREWS FROM THE *PEQUOD* RACE AGAINST, AND LOSE TO, A FISHGUARD SEA CADET CREW (CENTRE FOREGROUND).



MOBY DICK HIMSELF, THE GREAT WHITE WHALE, IN COURSE OF CONSTRUCTION AT FISHGUARD. IT CONSISTS OF RUBBER SHEETING OVER A WOOD FRAME.



UNUSUAL EQUIPMENT FOR A NINETEENTH-CENTURY WHALING BOAT: A LIGHT PLATFORM, BUILT OUT FROM THE BOW TO ENABLE "SHOOTING" TO BE DONE DURING THE FILMING OF THE HUNTING OF *MOBY DICK*.

For the purposes of filming the Elstree Pictures production in colour of Herman Melville's classic, "*Moby Dick*," Nantucket and the Antarctic Seas have been transferred to South Ireland and Wales; and we show here some photographs of incidents "on location" at Fishguard. Captain Ahab, who is obsessed by the idea of *Moby Dick*, the Great White Whale, is being played by Mr. Gregory Peck, and his ship, *Pequod*, is an old topsail schooner, *Rylands*, which was launched in Lancashire in 1870. In 1948 she changed her name to *Hispaniola*, and starred in Walt Disney's "*Treasure Island*," and now, after a brief period as floating aquarium at Scarborough, has returned to the films, both playing the rôle of *Pequod* and acting as a floating film studio.

MUFFLING A JET—IN AN ACOUSTIC PEN.

Considerable success has been achieved by the Vickers Supermarine works at South Marston, near Swindon, in the reduction of jet-engine noise when aircraft are being tested on the ground. The device used is an "acoustic pen," a square of three brick walls, with doors on the fourth side, covered with aluminium and lined with sound-absorbing material. In the wall opposite the door is the flared entry to a jet pipe "muffler" developed from the de-tuners used in jet-engine test beds. The aircraft on test is positioned so that its jet pipe discharges into the entry of the muffler; and the intensity of the noise (normally audible five miles away) is said to be reduced by 99 per cent.



MUFFLING THE SCREAM OF A JET ENGINE ON THE GROUND: A SUPERMARINE *SWIFT* IN THE NEW ACOUSTIC PEN AT THE SUPERMARINE WORKS AT SOUTH MARSTON.



THE SCOOP END OF THE MUFFLING DEVICE WHICH IS THE CHIEF EFFECTIVE FEATURE OF THE NEW ACOUSTIC PEN. IT WAS DESIGNED BY MR. JACK CULLUM.



THE FLARED ENTRY OF THE MUFFLING DEVICE: THE JET PIPE OF THE AIRCRAFT DISCHARGES INTO THIS FROM THE PEN. A MEMBER OF THE MAINTENANCE STAFF GIVES THE SCALE. THE "MUFFLER" IS 45 FT. LONG.

IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



THIS year's fruit crop, in my Cotswold garden, is, I suppose, fairly typical of the fruit crop throughout the country. Patchy. My quetsch-tree is a sore disappointment.

In a good season it carries enough fruit to make all the jam we require, and even some to give away. And quetsch jam, let me tell you, is the richest and most delicious jam that I know—in the plum group, at any rate. This year our crop amounts to perhaps a couple of dozen quetsches, and as they are only about the size of rather large damsons, the one resulting pot of jam will have to be laid down for some very holy occasion.

Victoria plums did better, as they almost always do. What a grand old plum it is, and how regular in its habits! Not an epicure's variety, perhaps, but when fully ripe a joy to honest men. Our one old gnarled and twisted tree, which looks fit only for the wood-pile, gave us—and the wasps—just as many plums as we needed, and no more. That is the usual way with Victoria plum-trees. From the time they become middle-aged until they literally fall to pieces, they fruit with astonishing regularity, and so abundantly that they are forever shedding whole branches, due to the sheer weight of fruit. Yet even the scraggiest old Victoria, whose hollow trunk looks incapable of supporting the few branches that remain, will carry on, year after year, in defiance of all the laws of good conventional husbandry. Occasionally such veterans are allowed to remain, until eventually they succumb to sheer decrepitude, game and prolific to the last. Too often, however, some ass of a reforming know-all comes along, and condemns such a tree as useless. My one and only Victoria is so picturesque and twisted as to suggest a tree in a Japanese print. A hole in the hollow trunk, 4 ft. from the ground, serves as front door to a pair of tomtits who usually build there. This year wasps took possession and neatly closed the front door with a beautifully-constructed nest. This was not to be tolerated. Where there are plums one expects wasps. But a whole nest of them taking up residence on the premises was too much like a pack of hooligan schoolboys taking up residence in a tuck shop. So appropriate unneighbourly measures were taken.

My "Sops in Wine" apple-tree, usually a heavy and regular cropper, is this year carrying only five or six of its handsome, almost purplish-crimson apples. My friend Raymond Bush has a low opinion of "Sops in Wine," which merely proves, of course, that tastes differ. Personally, I am very fond of it—in moderation. But its flavour is so richly aromatic, almost scented, that it soon cloy. A single tree would be ample for any private garden, and even so, in a normal year, its generous harvest should lead to generous giving away to friends. It is not a long keeper, soon losing texture, juice and flavour after gathering. As a market apple I could imagine "Sops in Wine" being a success on account of its heavy cropping in most seasons, its handsome colouring, its rich perfume, and its highly-flavoured pink-tinged flesh.

Seven years ago I planted a standard tree of an apple which was then unknown to me—"Miller's Seedling." It was recommended to me by Messrs. Jeffries, of Cirencester, who were supplying a number of orchard trees, some of them my choice, and some theirs. "Miller's Seedling" was certainly a grand piece of advice, for which I have been immensely grateful. It has fruited here more regularly and heavily than any other variety.

This year the branches are weighed down almost to breaking-point with the weight of fruit. And what pretty

FRUIT AND NO FRUIT.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

apples they are! Yellow, with a waxy look, and a bright-red cheek. They are at their best just now, late September and early October. And how good to eat, crisp, very juicy, delicious flavour, and a quality which the nursery catalogues describe as



VICTORIA PLUMS: "WHAT A GRAND OLD PLUM IT IS, AND HOW REGULAR IN ITS HABITS! . . . MY ONE AND ONLY VICTORIA IS SO PICTURESQUE AND TWISTED AS TO SUGGEST A TREE IN A JAPANESE PRINT."

Photograph by A. Harold Bastin.

"brisk." A delightfully apt term "Miller's Seedling" appears to be finding favour as a market variety. No wonder.

My young grafted "Mayette" walnut-tree, of which I have written before, is not fruiting this year, which seems strangely perverse of it. The tree is, I suppose, nine or ten years old, and has borne small crops of nuts three or four times in recent years, in spite of an entire absence of male pollen-bearing catkins, which I would have thought would be essential for the production of nuts. Apparently "Mayette" is above such frivolities. The nearest pollen-bearing walnut-trees are about half-a-mile away, with a considerable barrier of other trees between which must form an effective barrier against wind-borne pollen. This year my "Mayette" tree produced not only the usual quota of female nut-producing flowers, but quantities of male pollen catkins as well. But not one solitary walnut has resulted from what seemed, last spring, such a happy, promising ménage.

Hazels and cobnuts are a complete wash-out here—and we live eighteen miles from the nearest peanut and cashew roasting machine!

A fruit-tree which can be guaranteed never to fruit may seem an absurd thing to recommend, but there is one such phenomenon which I consider well worth planting. This is the giant-flowered Canadian elder, *Sambucus canadensis grandiflora*, a shrub, or small tree, which I have only met once in private life, though a few tree and shrub nurserymen stock it. The specimen which first made itself known to me was growing, and flowering, in a garden on the West Coast of Scotland. In general appearance it was very like our own native elder, *Sambucus niger*, but the umbels of creamy-white flowers are more than twice the size, and they are without the powerful scent of common elder—a scent which so many people dislike intensely. I bought a young specimen of the Canadian elder and planted it in my garden five or six years ago, and it is an extremely handsome thing, and becomes finer and handsomer each year. In spring I head the bush down to a height of 2 or 3 ft., with the result that the stock sends up a number of extremely vigorous stems to a height of 6 or 8 ft., with extra large and luxuriant leaves and flower-heads very much larger than would be produced by an unpruned—or unpollarded—specimen. My Canadian elder has never shown any inclination to produce berries. Elderberries are all very well for blackbirds, and for the folk who like making country delicacies out of them—wine, chutney, jam, and what not. But what a curse is the elder's habit of squandering its offspring promiscuously all over the garden. Here they spring up even in the roof-gutters of the house. And what a sordid-looking weed a seedling elder is! The best way, therefore, is to keep *Sambucus niger* out of the garden, and grow the Canadian one instead. Then if you want elderberries for domestic



"IT IS AN EXTREMELY HANDSOME THING, AND BECOMES FINER AND HANDSOMER EACH YEAR": THE GIANT-FLOWERED CANADIAN ELDER, *SAMBUCUS CANADENSIS MAXIMA* (OR *GRANDIFLORA*). THE ENORMOUS FLOWER CLUSTERS ARE BETWEEN 10 AND 18 INS. ACROSS AND "ARE WITHOUT THE POWERFUL SCENT OF COMMON ELDER—A SCENT WHICH SO MANY PEOPLE DISLIKE INTENSELY."

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

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use, there should be no difficulty in gathering all you require in hedges and copses. Apart from elderberry wine and what nots, there are elder flowers, which folk who are clever in such matters use for imparting a delicate flowery flavour to quite ordinary tea, so that it tastes like the flowery Darjeeling tea which seems impossible to obtain nowadays. The flowers are used also for giving a distinct muscat flavour to gooseberry jam, and to water ices. The last gooseberry jam that I was given, and assured that it had been elder-flower-treated, had, I was bound to confess, a distinct taste of gooseberry jam—and nothing else. But that muscat flavour is not difficult to achieve, and is truly delicious.

MEMORY, ACTUALITY AND RECONSTRUCTION: AT HOME, ON THE CONTINENT AND IN EGYPT.



THE NEW CONTROL BUILDING AT LONDON AIRPORT WHICH, WHEN COMPLETED, WILL BE IN CONTROL OF 200 OR MORE FLIGHTS PER DAY. The new control building at London Airport, with its tower, 120 ft. above the runways, is expected to be completed by March 1955. In appearance it is not unlike the control tower of an aircraft-carrier.



UNVEILED AT STANGER, NATAL, WHERE HE WAS ASSASSINATED IN 1828: THE MARBLE MONUMENT TO TSHAKA, FOUNDER OF THE ZULU NATION. About 20,000 Zulu people assembled for the unveiling of the monument to Tshaka, at Stanger, Natal, on September 24. Tshaka, the founder of the Zulu nation, was assassinated by his brother on September 23, 1828. The monument, erected in 1932, was freshly unveiled by Cyprian, the new paramount chief.



A SCHOOL TO PROVIDE INDUSTRIAL ENGINEERS WITH THE DATA NECESSARY TO CONSTRUCT ATOMIC POWER STATIONS: THE REACTOR SCHOOL AT HARWELL, BERKSHIRE. In order to encourage industry to play a greater part in the development of atomic power the U.K. Atomic Energy Authority has started a Reactor School at Harwell where a course of training is provided for staffs of industrial concerns. It was opened on September 27 by Sir John Cockcroft, Director of the Establishment at Harwell.



THE THIRD COLLEGE FOR WOMEN AT CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY: NEW HALL, SITUATED NEAR THE RIVER CAM, BETWEEN QUEENS' AND NEWNHAM COLLEGES. New Hall, which, with Girton and Newnham, will be the third college for women at Cambridge, started its first term on October 5 with sixteen undergraduates. The college, formerly *The Hermitage Hotel*, will move later to more spacious permanent quarters on the Huntingdon Road.



NOW A CAIRO CAR PARK: THE SITE WHERE ONE OF THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS HOTELS, SHEPHEARD'S, ONCE STOOD. THE HOTEL WAS WRECKED IN THE JANUARY RIOTS, 1952.

Shepherd's, one of the most famous of all hotels, was attacked, set on fire and left a mere pile of ruins during the January riots in Cairo in 1952. No hotel has been built in its place. Instead, the site was cleared of the rubble, levelled out and transformed into a car park in the centre of the city.



DEDICATED ON OCTOBER 1: THE NEW "CHAMPAGNE" STAINED-GLASS WINDOW BY JACQUES SIMON, PRESENTED BY THE CHAMPAGNE INDUSTRY. A new stained-glass window of three tall lights, each surmounted by a small oculus, presented to the Cathedral of Rheims by the entire Champagne industry, depicts the Miracle of Cana and the processes of the manufacture of champagne. [Photograph by L. Mary.]

FIRE AND FLOOD, OCCASIONS MEMORIAL AND DIPLOMATIC, AND N.-AMERICAN INDIAN ART.



THE RESULT OF A FREAK STORM IN WHICH 16 INS. OF RAIN FELL IN TWELVE HOURS AND FIFTY PEOPLE DIED: FLOOD WATERS IN SAMANABAD, ONE OF THE NEW SUBURBS OF LAHORE. On September 24 a terrific rainstorm, which, starting at midnight, produced a continuous downpour of twelve hours in which 16 ins. of rain fell, struck Lahore, in Pakistan. Fifty people died and more than 300 were injured in consequence; and houses and mud-huts, conservatively estimated at 1100, collapsed, bringing misery to many thousands of people. Heavy river flooding was also expected.



NEWLY UNVEILED BY KING FREDERIK OF DENMARK: THE EQUESTRIAN STATUE IN COPENHAGEN WHICH IS A MEMORIAL TO KING CHRISTIAN X. KING CHRISTIAN WAS IN THE HABIT OF RIDING THROUGH COPENHAGEN EVERY DAY IN A SIMPLE MILITARY UNIFORM; AND IS SO COMMEMORATED HERE.



A BRITISH COLUMBIAN INDIAN CHIEF'S CEREMONIAL HAT, CARVED IN WOOD AND SHOWING A MONSTER HALF-BEAR, HALF-FISH: NOW ON EXHIBITION.

A large number of exhibits from Sir Alfred Bossom's remarkable collection of the arts and crafts of the Indians of British Columbia have now been lent by Sir Alfred Bossom to the Imperial Institute, South Kensington. This exhibition was opened on October 1 by the High Commissioner for Canada, Sir Norman



THE RAVEN BOY: A BRITISH COLUMBIAN TOTEM.



THE MYTHICAL FLYING FROG: A CARVED WOOD CEREMONIAL CHIEF'S HAT. FROM SIR ALFRED BOSSOM'S COLLECTION.

Robertson. The principal pieces are the work of the Siwash Indians and Sir Alfred began to form the collection nearly fifty years ago, when he first visited British Columbia. Carvings of thunderbirds, totems and masks and head-dresses are perhaps the most striking part of the collection.



(LEFT.) THE AFTERMATH OF A WAVE OF TERRORIST ARSON IN MOROCCO: RUINED MERCHANTS OF FEZ EXAMINING THE BURNT-OUT RUINS OF THEIR SHOPS. ABOUT 400 SHOPS WERE BURNT.

On September 25 there were various outbreaks of terrorism in Morocco; and in Fez in particular fire broke out simultaneously in several points and ravaged five of the native *souks*, or markets. About 400 shops were completely destroyed with their contents, the loss amounting in all to several thousand pounds.

(RIGHT.) CALLING FOR A WORLD GENERAL DISARMAMENT PLAN: MR. VYSHINSKY, THE RUSSIAN DELEGATE TO THE UNITED NATIONS, SPEAKING BEFORE THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY ON SEPT. 30. On Sept. 30, towards the end of a long speech before the General Assembly, the Soviet delegate, Mr. Vyshinsky, outlined a new Russian plan for general disarmament, based, it was said, on the proposals put forward by Britain and France in June.



PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



APPOINTED MINISTER TO BULGARIA:
MR. GEOFFREY FURLONGE.

Mr. G. W. Furlonge, who has been appointed Minister at Sofia in succession to Mr. J. E. M. Carvell, who is retiring from the Foreign Service, has been Minister at Amman, the capital of Jordan, and later Ambassador, since 1952. From 1950-51 he was Head of the Eastern Department of the Foreign Office during the time of the Persian oil crisis and the accession to power of Dr. Musaddiq.



ELECTED TO THE LABOUR PARTY EXECUTIVE: MR. ANTHONY GREENWOOD.

Mr. A. Greenwood, M.P. for Rossendale since 1950, son of the late Mr. Arthur Greenwood, has been elected to the Labour Party National Executive. He was President of the Oxford Union in 1933. He was Vice-Chairman of the Parliamentary Labour Party, 1950-51, and of the Parliamentary Committee of the Party, 1951-52.



APPOINTED CHANCELLOR OF THE LÉGION D'HONNEUR: GENERAL CATROUX.

The French Government has appointed General Georges Catroux Grand Chancellor of the Légion d'Honneur in succession to General Dassault. He was Governor-General of Indo-China, 1939-40; and had a distinguished military career in World War I. and with the Free French in World War II. He was French Ambassador in Moscow, 1945-48.



ELECTED M.P. FOR CROYDON EAST: ADMIRAL J. HUGHES-HALLETT.

Vice-Admiral Hughes-Hallett retained the seat for the Conservatives in the Croydon East by-election, caused by Sir H. Williams' death, polling in which took place on Sept. 30. His opponents were Mr. J. W. Wellwood (Lab.) and Mr. J. Walters (Lib.). Admiral Hughes-Hallett was Flag Officer, Heavy Squadron, Home Fleet, 1952-53.



DIED ON SEPTEMBER 27:
MR. GEORGE CADBURY.

Managing director of Cadbury Brothers Ltd., the chocolate and cocoa manufacturers, from 1899 until his retirement in 1943, Mr. George Cadbury was a great industrialist and philanthropist. He was one of the founders of "Fircroft," the college for working men at Bournville, and "Avoncroft," a similar institution for agricultural workers at Bromsgrove; and was a life governor of Birmingham University.

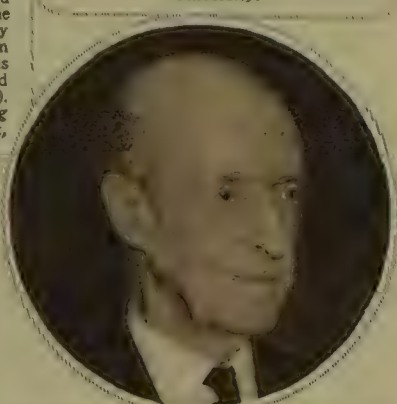


APPOINTED EDITOR OF THE "NEWS CHRONICLE": MR. MICHAEL CURTIS.

Mr. Michael Curtis, deputy editor of the *News Chronicle* since 1953, has been appointed editor, in succession to Mr. R. J. Cruikshank. He is thirty-four, and after serving in the war, returned to Cambridge to complete his degree in economics and law. He was appointed *News Chronicle* leader-writer in 1946. He has made a study of the Press as an institution.



ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR MOSCOW AT THE INVITATION OF THE COUNCIL OF THE UNION OF THE SUPREME SOVIET: MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENTARY DELEGATION. Sixteen British M.P.s arrived in Moscow by air on September 30 and began their sixteen-day tour of the Soviet Union. The delegation is being led by Lord Coleraine who, as Mr. Richard Law, was a Conservative M.P. The delegation was met in Moscow by Mr. Tarasov, President of the Supreme Soviet of the R.S.F.S.R., the biggest Soviet Republic; and the British Ambassador, Sir William Hayter. Later it visited the Kremlin and met President Voroshilov.



DIED ON SEPTEMBER 30:
SIR FREDERICK SYKES.

Major-General Sir F. Sykes, a pioneer airman and Governor of Bombay, 1928-33, was seventy-seven. In 1912 he raised and commanded the Military Wing of the newly-established Royal Flying Corps, and in 1919 became the first Controller-General of Civil Aviation. He was M.P. (U.) for the Hallam Division of Sheffield, 1922-28.



NEW LORD OF APPEAL: LORD JUSTICE SOMERVELL.

Sir Donald Somervell, Q.C., a Lord Justice of Appeal, has been appointed a Lord of Appeal in Ordinary, in succession to the late Lord Asquith of Bishopstone. Lord Justice Somervell was Solicitor-General, 1933-36; and Attorney-General, 1936-45. He was M.P. (U.) for Crewe, 1931-45, and was Home Secretary in the "Caretaker" Government, 1945. He was Recorder of Kingston-on-Thames 1940-46.



DIED ON OCTOBER 1, AGED TWENTY-NINE: MR. R. W. HANSON.

Mr. R. W. Hanson, the show-jumping rider, was the first British rider to win the Grand Prix de Rome. He was a member of Colonel Llewellyn's British team which toured the U.S. and Canada last year; and was in 1952 named the leading show-jumper of the year in the Horse of the Year Show. He married Miss P. J. A. Edge last year.



CHOSEN LORD MAYOR OF LONDON:
MR. SEYMOUR HOWARD, WITH HIS WIFE.

Mr. Seymour Howard, Alderman of Queenhithe, was chosen Lord Mayor of London for the coming civic year at Guildhall on September 29 and will take office on November 9 after receiving the Royal assent to his election. Mr. Howard, who is a stockbroker, is a past Master of the Gardeners' Company.



RECEIVING THE ENGLISH LADIES' GOLF TROPHY: MISS F. STEPHENS (RIGHT).

Miss F. Stephens (Royal Birkdale), holder of the British Ladies' title, had to go to the 37th against Miss E. Price (Hankley Common) before winning the English Ladies' Championship at Woodhall Spa on September 30. She is seen receiving the trophy from Mrs. Stafford Hotchkin, owner of Woodhall Spa Golf Club.



PROFESSIONAL MATCH-PLAY CHAMPION: PETER THOMSON, THE AUSTRALIAN GOLFER.

Peter Thomson, the Australian holder of the Open Golf Championship, won the *News of the World* Professional Match-Play Championship over the Old Course at St. Andrews on October 2 when he beat J. Fallon (Huddersfield) on the 38th green. Thomson thus joins the late James Braid, and Fred Daly, the only other players to have held both titles simultaneously.



DIED ON SEPTEMBER 28, AGED SEVENTY-EIGHT: SENATOR PATRICK MCCARRAN.

Senator McCarran, for over twenty years a member of the U.S. Senate, was sponsor of the notorious McCarran-Walter Immigration Act (1952) forbidding foreign seamen to land on American soil unless they submit to an inquisition by immigration officers. An isolationist and a vigorous anti-Communist, he was a strong supporter of Senator McCarthy.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. SOME EARLY TIMEPIECES.

By FRANK DAVIS.



THE eternal small boy in all of us [or, at any rate, in half of us, for women seem to resist the temptation with comparative ease] ensures the popularity each year of such exhibitions as the Model Exhibition, where great-uncles and great-nephews meet on common ground to indulge in mutual gloating over miniature railways, ships, aeroplanes, and what not. And with what tact and firmness do women have to put down their maternal feet, and shoo hulking husbands away from the nursery floor so that the children may be allowed to play with the present Daddy has so nobly provided.

palm-tree; when the hour strikes, the Negro moves his head and a dog at his feet gives a jump. Another, by a famous maker, Carol Schmidt, of Augsburg, whose work is to be seen in several public and private collections, was in the shape of the Virgin and Child, the Virgin pointing with a staff at a revolving silver dial which forms the base of the crown upon her head; when the hours strike, her left arm, with the Child, moves up and down—no doubt an edifying idea to many but, I suggest, incongruous to most.

The best of them seemed to me to be the rampant lion of Fig. 3, one of whose paws rests upon the silver dial with its single hand—a design of some interest, perhaps, but spoiled for me by the automaton part of it, for when the hours strike, the lion's mouth opens and—yet more tiresome—its eyes rotate. No! a rolling eye is just too much! Yet it is interesting to note how these expensive clockwork marvels of the seventeenth century—for, like all clocks and watches, they were costly things when new—evolved in due course into the clockwork mice and other amusing toys of our own time, with timekeeping going its own way as a distinct and more and more precise craft.

If the age was fascinated by movement, it was no less enamoured of intricacy, of novelty for its own sake, as indeed we still are, for modish little non-senses appear in the shops from time to time and run a prosperous course for a year or two. I have no doubt that the original owner was proud to show visitors the very latest idea for a clock—the book clock illustrated in Fig. 2, by Hans Schnier, of Speyer—dated 1583, the case of copper gilt, the movement of iron with brass plates. It is a neat and tidy conceit, not nearly so elaborate as the majority of German ideas for clocks, with fine chasing on the case, and the maker coyly inscribing on the spine "*Hans Schnier in Speir, Opera, 1583*," which is a joke one can easily forgive. Back and front of the outer case are pierced with a rosette, and the front cover opens to show the dial which, as I think, is clear enough in the photograph, is a beautiful example of engraving, with its Arabic, in addition to ordinary numerals, and touch-pins on the outer circumference. (The touch-pins to enable you to tell the time in the dark—now I think of it, anticipating Braille.)

I have chosen Fig. 1 out of many early watches because it seems to me to be a particularly nice thing to look at; it has certain technical claims on our attention which are beyond the scope of this note and beyond my competence, but something of its quality can perhaps be deduced from the photograph. The date is mid-sixteenth-century, the place of origin probably Nuremberg. The case is of gilt-brass and is pierced and chased—note the lively bear and stag hunting scene—and in the centre is the figure of



FIG. 1. BEARING A FIGURE OF ASTRONOMY IN THE CENTRE: THE GILT-BRASS CASE OF A MID-SIXTEENTH-CENTURY GERMAN WATCH, PROBABLY MADE IN NUREMBERG. The gilt-brass watch-case illustrated is pierced and chased with lively hunting scenes, and in the centre bears a figure of Astronomy. "Among other devices there is an Italian sundial inside the lid and a compass box, and the gilt dial plate also has a sundial with gnomon for latitudes from 44 to 48 degs. . ."

Illustrations by courtesy of Sotheby's.

Astronomy. Among other devices there is an Italian sundial inside the lid and a compass box, and the gilt-dial plate also has a sundial with gnomon for latitudes from 44 to 48 degs.—that is, if my reckoning is right, for use in the regions from about Florence to Munich, and hours from I to XII and 13 to 24. Nor was this marriage between sundial and mechanical time-keeper merely a whimsy on the part of the maker—for very many years wise men checked their watches by means of a pocket sundial, and as late as the reign of Charles II, an Englishman who rejoiced in the name of Butterfield made his fame and fortune by producing distinctive little pocket dials in Paris.

As fate would have it, I had reached this point when I was summoned to dinner, and, with these high matters on my mind, mentioned—I hope not too pontifically—my observations on "*The Reactions of the Female Sex when Confronted with Mechanical Devices in the Home*," as outlined above. The women promptly turned and rent me; they disagreed *ab ovo*, *ab initio* and *in toto*, and asserted that nothing would delight them more than to watch lions rolling their eyes, Negroes nodding their heads, little dogs jumping, etc., and they would be so fascinated that all housework would be neglected and the family would live for ever after on cold meat, cheese and biscuits. Women readers who may feel equally affronted need not trouble to protest; I retreat here and now, admit that women are as foolish as men, and finish by recalling an uncommonly elegant automaton watch which once belonged to the Emperor in Peking. It is fairly large—7 ins. diameter—and was made by William Hughes, of High Holborn, about 1780. Hughes seems to have specialised in objects for the Eastern market, for a pair of bloodstone boxes and a table mirror by him are described by Simon Harcourt-Smith in his "*Catalogue of the Palace Museum, Peiping*." This watch plays a tune on a carillon of six bells at the hour, and on the upper half of the dial enamelled figures walk across a bridge beneath which is a mechanical waterfall; and what, I ask you, can possibly be nicer than that for man or woman? Could this have been one of the presents taken out to China by Lord Macartney in 1792 as our first Ambassador? He was informed, if I remember correctly, that his Imperial Majesty was gratified by the willingness of these Western barbarians to pay Tribute, but that China needed nothing.



FIG. 2. BEARING, ENGRAVED ON THE SPINE, THE WORDS "*Hans Schnier in Speir, Opera, 1583*"; A CLOCK IN THE FORM OF A BOOK, BY HANS SCHNIER, OF SPEYER.

This copper-gilt German clock in the shape of a book has a movement of iron with brass plates. "It is a neat and tidy conceit, not nearly so elaborate as the majority of German ideas for clocks, with fine chasing on the case, and the maker coyly inscribing on the spine '*Hans Schnier in Speir, Opera, 1583*,' which," Frank Davis writes, "is a joke one can easily forgive."

It is only on holiday that the female heart misses a beat or so over mechanical devices. At home such things are reserved for the children, and, under protest, for grown men, but as many eager bright feminine faces as male are tense with anticipation in Wells Cathedral as the clock strikes and the knights rush out to do battle; or, in Ascension Week in Venice, when, on the clock tower beside the statue of the Madonna, an angel appears with a trumpet, and the Wise Men bow to the Queen of Heaven. Such mechanical devices are rare, and it is just as well; if we found them at every corner we should be bored with them. As it is, there are just enough of them in the world to keep us interested and to make us realise how ingenious our ancestors, with their limited mechanical resources, could be. In my view, these pretty circus tricks are best reserved for clocks in public places: I would find them exasperating in private (as exasperating as cuckoo clocks, which make me morose and melancholy), in which opinion I am very likely at odds with the rest of the world, and certainly with the Teutonic world of the seventeenth century, if one can draw conclusions from a whole class of Flemish and German clocks of this period, several of which were in the collection of the late Percy Webster and came up for sale at Sotheby's last May. How naively ingenious they can be! I remember on one—11½ ins. in height—a Negro in a gilt cuirass and red skirt points with a wand to the hour, which is engraved on a rotating globe mounted at the top of a highly stylised



FIG. 3. BY PEAF OF AUGSBURG: A MID-SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY AUTOMATON CLOCK. The rampant lion on this automaton clock "one of whose paws rests upon the silver dial with its single hand—a design of some interest, perhaps, but spoiled for me by the automaton part of it, for when the hours strike, the lion's mouth opens and—yet more tiresome—its eyes rotate," writes Frank Davis.

DIPLOMA WORKS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: SOME OF THE PAINTINGS ON VIEW.

THE current exhibition in the Diploma Gallery at Burlington House consists of a selection of Diploma Works from the collection of the Royal Academy. Every painter, sculptor or draughtsman elected to the Royal Academy must present a single example of his work to that august body before he or she receives the diploma signed by the Sovereign. Some Diploma works were included in the exhibition of the First Hundred Years of the Royal Academy held in the winter of 1951-52, and these are not again displayed, but the collection of Diploma works, which in this case covers the period from 1868 until the present day, is

(Continued below, centre.)



"SCIENCE IS MEASUREMENT"; BY HENRY STACY MARKS (1829-1898), ELECTED R.A. IN 1878. ONE OF THE WORKS ON VIEW IN THE DIPLOMA GALLERY AT BURLINGTON HOUSE. SIGNED AND DATED.



"THE VANDYCK ROOM AT WILTON, 1921"; BY SIR JOHN LAVERY (1857-1941; ELECTED R.A. IN 1921). THE VANDYCK, OR DOUBLE CUBE, ROOM AT WILTON, SEAT OF THE EARLS OF PEMBROKE AND MONTGOMERY, IS CELEBRATED FOR ITS BEAUTY.



"AN INTERIOR IN VENICE"; BY JOHN SINGER SARGENT (1856-1925; ELECTED R.A. IN 1897). THE ROOM IS THE GREAT DRAWING-ROOM IN PALAZZO BARBARO.



"THE R.A. SELECTION AND HANGING COMMITTEE, 1938"; A NOTABLE PORTRAIT GROUP BY FREDERICK ELWELL (B. 1870; R.A. 1938).

From l. to r. are the painter (standing), Sir E. Cooper, Sir W. Russell Flint, Sydney Lee, Sir W. Llewellyn, Sir W. R. M. Lamb, Oliver Hall, George Harcourt, Sir W. W. Russell, James Woodford, Stephen Gooden, Gilbert Ledward, S. J. L. Birch and Harold Knight. The porters are J. Coy and F. Hubbocks.

Continued.] sufficiently large to allow an interesting selection to have been made from it. The paintings we reproduce include an interior in Venice by Sargent, once an exceedingly fashionable portrait painter, in which are shown the figures of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Curtis and Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Curtis; and the Vandyck Room at Wilton, in Lavery's happiest manner.

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"THE PEARL NECKLACE"; BY DOD PROCTER, ELECTED R.A. IN 1942: THE ARTIST IS ONE OF THE SMALL COMPANY OF WOMEN ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.

JULES VERNE'S PROPHETIC VISION: THE SUBMARINE WARFARE OF THE 1860's—AND CAPTAIN NEMO RECREATED IN A FILM OF THE VICTORIAN CLASSIC "20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA."



CAPTAIN NEMO'S FAST SUBMARINE *NAUTILUS* AS SHE IS PRESENTED IN WALT DISNEY'S CINEMASCOPE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTION, "20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA."



HIGH-VOLTAGE DEFENCE: HEAD-HUNTERS WHO HAVE ATTACKED *NAUTILUS* LEAPING IN TERROR FROM HER ELECTRIFIED DECKS AFTER RECEIVING A SERIES OF SHOCKS.



WEARING SELF-CONTAINED DIVING APPARATUS: MEMBERS OF THE CREW OF *NAUTILUS* RETURNING FROM A SORTIE ON THE SEA-BED IN SEARCH OF FOOD.



USING SPECIALLY-CONSTRUCTED NETS AND TRAPS: MEMBERS OF CAPTAIN NEMO'S CREW COLLECTING FOOD ON THE BED OF THE OCEAN. THEY FIND EDIBLE PLANTS AS WELL AS FISH.



THE HARVEST OF THE SEA-BED: TWO MEMBERS OF THE CREW OF THE SUBMARINE *NAUTILUS* ON A FORAGING EXPEDITION. THEY CARRY A SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED TRAP.

In "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea," Jules Verne (1828-1905) introduced Captain Nemo's fast submarine, a prophetic vision of the underwater craft of to-day; and the book has been adapted for the screen in the Walt Disney CinemaScope Technicolor production just completed. The story deals with the adventures of Professor Pierre Aronnax (Paul Lukas) and his assistant, Conseil (Peter Lorre), who, with the harpooner, Ned (Kirk Douglas), embark in a U.S. armed frigate in order to investigate the activities of a monster which has been destroying shipping in the Pacific in the year 1866. In the initial encounter with the monster, their ship is sunk, but the trio manage to reach "an island," which turns out to be the monster itself—actually Captain Nemo's submarine *Nautilus*, operated by the dynamic power of the universe. Nemo (James Mason) spares the lives of his captives as the Professor may be of use to him. Nemo and his men live off the rich harvest of the ocean. Equipped with self-contained diving apparatus, they can move about on the sea-bed



ARMED WITH MARINE "AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS" WHICH SUGGEST THE EQUIPMENT OF MEDIEVAL DEVILS: MEN OF NEMO'S CREW COLLECTING EDIBLE SEA PLANTS.

and collect edible plants and fish to satisfy their needs. Ned and Conseil find treasure in a sunken Spanish galleon, and, in endeavouring to seize it, are attacked by a tiger fish. Nemo saves them by a shot from his electric rifle, but will not allow them to take the treasure which, in his view, is only of use as ballast. He has forsworn the world, as he and his men escaped from a prison camp; and now have their H.Q. in a remote island, Vulcania. The sequences of the film include fine under-water scenes and a thrilling fight with two giant squids, in which Ned saves the life of Nemo, who has planned to send the Professor to the outside world with his terms for sharing his scientific secrets. But Ned has dropped numerous bottles in the sea containing indications of the position of Vulcania; and a fleet of warships surrounds the island. Nemo dies; but the others surface *Nautilus* only to wreck her on a reef; and the film ends with a great explosion, followed by a mushroom-shaped cloud, which disintegrates the island, and the remains of *Nautilus*.



AN UNDER-WATER FUNERAL CORTÈGE: THE COFFIN OF THE DEAD MAN IS BEING BORNE BY A PARTY EQUIPPED WITH SELF-CONTAINED DIVING APPARATUS, AND IS PRECEDED BY A SINGLE MAN CARRYING A HUGE CROSS OF CORAL. PROFESSOR ARONNAX WAS ABLE TO SEE THIS FROM A VIEWPORT IN THE SUBMARINE *NAUTILUS*.



GOOD HUNTING! AN AMAZING UNDER-WATER SCENE FROM THE FILM "20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA," BASED ON JULES VERNE'S SCIENTIFIC THRILLER, WHICH HAS JUST BEEN COMPLETED, SHOWING CAPTAIN NEMO (JAMES MASON) LEADING MEMBERS OF HIS CREW ON AN EXPEDITION ALONG THE OCEAN-BED.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

THE GRAND MANNER.

By J. C. TREWIN.

WHEN I think of farce, the moon begins to dance and blur, waves of laughter break on a distant shore, and a wild procession runs, shouting, through the vaults of memory, pushing roughly past Macbeth and Hamlet, overturning a grave Ibsen group, causing havoc and lifted eyebrows among the dear folk of the milder family comedies.

Each of us can raise a farcical battalion. I remember such matters as the stream of tea spouting towards Spettigue's silk hat; a scene for two impostors desperately inventing mock-Masonic signs; the sound of one of Pinero's firemen becoming conversational ("You'll find Mr. Goff's reminiscences well worth hearing") during the height of the blaze at Miss Dyott's seminary; the spectacle of Ralph Lynn writhing in coils as he sought to sleep beneath a washstand during "A Cuckoo in the Nest"; the butler called Death who moved glumly through "Thark" ("What time would you like your call?"); Robertson Hare as the most decorous "daily woman" in the records ("Wild Horses"); and, maybe, the moment in "The Happiest Days of Your Life" when the staff of the boys' school and the girls' school know that they have to run in harness.

There are a score of others; these lunge out first. We have so few near-major farces at present—Ben Travers, master-gibberer (in the best sense) writes seldom now—that I pounce, with a hoarse croak of pleasure, upon "The Party Spirit" (Piccadilly). It takes, let us say, a good second class. It is much nearer the top than any other romp we have had of late. And it makes me feel that its dramatists, Peter Jones and John Jowett, may go right up in a second play that does not falter from time to time and ask itself whether it is farce or comedy. Farce should be helter-skelter. There are too many moments at the Piccadilly when the play slows down; it is left to an acutely professional cast to persuade us that we remain at high speed. I remembered a phrase (about a supposedly blushing schoolboy) from a book by Arthur Machen: "The boy 'suggested' the flush by a cunning arrangement of his features." It is an intensive course in farcical control to watch the members of the present company as they cunningly arrange their features.

But what makes this so much better than usual? Several things. The setting for one: a moon-cast House of Commons: this is a change from the usual stamping-grounds. A good deal of the dialogue: mixed now with the usual have-at-you jests that are common form in farce, we do hear a surprising number of lines that, in the situation, serve for wit. A resolve to keep the party clean: this is a farce for the healing laugh, not for the snigger. The acting: I shall come to that. And finally one scene, one whooping mad scene, that is enough to seal the piece in the history of our theatre's tanglewood tales.

Every farce, when we look back, is remembered for a single scene: a moment when the author began suddenly to sizzle, when gunpowder flowed from his heels, and, wearing a runcible hat, he executed a mad dance at brilliant among the slithering toves. Here the authors of "The Party Spirit" have performed a *pas de deux*.

It is, of course—or should be—the object in any good farce to ensure that Mr. Robertson Hare is placed in a position of maximum discomfort. Once permit any sort of kindness to Mr. Hare, and the business faints: the audience stirs in alarm. As a rule, the trouble is to find some kind of torture fairly new. We expect now that the unlucky man will lose his

trousers or appear in skirts. Traditional, yes; but there must be other ways. Mr. Jones and Mr. Jowett have found one. I must explain that Robertson Hare is, for the purposes of the night, the leader of the Free Whig party in the House of Commons. I am not sure what the Free Whigs stand for: Mr. Hare himself might find it hard to say. The other member of the party is an M.P. by the name of Bilker (Ben Travers would have approved of that), a volatile soul acted by Ralph Lynn. This union is enough to

are so nearly equal that the Free Whig party will tilt the scale and can ask any terms it wishes. At one point Mr. Hare, dizzy with rapture, pictures himself in Downing Street. Later he finds himself in a parcel.

Never detail the plot of a farce. I can say merely that Mr. Hare, having taken a heavily doctored drink, is practically inert: he moves only when someone says "Division," the mysterious word that can rouse any politician from a coma. For reasons of his own, Mr. Lynn thinks that his leader would be better concealed. So, with expert help, he parcels Mr. Hare in a large sheet of brown paper, ties him up with red tape, and leaves him—superbly disguised—on the office table: a parcel, thoroughly plausible, that suddenly tries to kick out its legs at the blessed word, "Division."

Unluckily for the Free Whigs, the P.P.S. to (I believe) the Assistant Postmaster-General examines the parcel with interest; after all, it is under his authority. Presently, still parcelled, Mr. Hare is being wheeled off by a parliamentary porter. We learn later that an attempt has been made to detonate him as a suspected bomb. Anyway, he appears, furious, in a blanket: the needs of farce have been served. I think myself that Mr. Jones and Mr. Jowett should have tried to detonate Mr. Hare on-stage. Reported alarums are seldom funny. However, we have had our hour (or ten minutes), and the farce is snug in farcical history.

There is a large and practised cast; but everything must whirl about Lynn and Hare. Mr. Lynn (who was, naturally, elected by a sheaf of bogus votes) sheds his years whenever he comes upon the stage. Almost he seems to be looking for that Maiden Blotton washstand of three decades ago. He is the most mercurial of farceurs, and the readiest. If a passage moves dully, he enlivens it with a wealth of flickering gesture. His lines drop pat upon their cue. He is an animated cartoon. One would not be surprised to see exclamation marks spearing from his head, or balloons of thought floating away of a sudden into the empyrean. At the Piccadilly he has never looked more like the

Mad Hatter. Clap on the right kind of hat ("In this style, 10s. 6d."), give him a Gladstone collar and a vast spotted bow, and he would be well away towards Wonderland.

In this piece it is his task to make rings about Mr. Hare, something to which he is well used. Mr. Hare is still the honest citizen. The voice booms through caverns measureless to man. His dome glistens. He exclaims: "O chaos!" He works for the betterment of his fellow-men; and he baby-sits. Jugged Hare, parcelled Hare, Hare-and-hounds—at the Piccadilly now you will get the correct recipe, the best form of sport. It may not be a major farce—how few are!—but, at least, its principals are acting in the grand manner, and the sight of that parcel will remain engraved upon the mind.

There is another grand manner at Sadler's Wells, where the opera, "Nelson," brings a great Englishman persuasively to the theatre. It is strange how rarely this

has been attempted. Lennox Berkeley's score rises to nobility, and I doubt whether a libretto could have been handled with more tact than by Alan Pryce-Jones, who has never lost dignity, and who never obtrudes, or uses a word too many. Victoria Elliott's Lady Hamilton holds the stage; and even if Robert Thomas is not all one would have wished for Nelson, few can be untouched during the death scene in the cockpit when the lights go out at last: "no Admiral's lights upon the *Victory*."



"THERE IS A LARGE AND PRACTISED CAST; BUT EVERYTHING MUST WHIRL ABOUT LYNN AND HARE": "THE PARTY SPIRIT," A SCENE FROM THE NEW FARCE BY PETER JONES AND JOHN JOWETT, AT THE PICCADILLY THEATRE, SHOWING (L. TO R.) WILLIAM GROUT, M.P. (ROBERTSON HARE), POLLY (CONSTANCE LORNE) AND LEONARD BILKER, M.P. (RALPH LYNN). MR. TREWIN AWARDS THIS FARCE "A GOOD SECOND CLASS," AND ADDS THAT "IT IS MUCH NEARER THE TOP THAN ANY OTHER ROMP WE HAVE HAD OF LATE."

ensure that there will be Whigs on the green, and indeed there are: the House of Commons can never have known so much cavorting and prancing.

Mr. Hare, who is nicknamed "Liberty Bill," has only one object in life: to get through a Bill that will give everybody leave to do practically everything. Things appear to be in his favour when the Conservative and Socialist votes in an important division



"FEW CAN BE UNTOUCHED DURING THE DEATH SCENE IN THE COCKPIT WHEN THE LIGHTS GO OUT AT LAST: 'NO ADMIRAL'S LIGHTS UPON THE *Victory*': "NELSON" (SADLER'S WELLS), SHOWING THE DEATH OF NELSON, WITH ROBERT THOMAS IN THE TITLE-RÔLE AND DAVID WARD AS HARDY. MR. TREWIN SAYS THAT "IT IS AN IMPORTANT ADDITION TO MODERN ENGLISH OPERA." THE LIBRETTO IS BY ALAN PRYCE-JONES AND IT IS PRODUCED BY GEORGE DEVINE.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"NELSON" (Sadler's Wells).—This work, with music by Lennox Berkeley and text by Alan Pryce-Jones, has a moving dignity: it is an important addition to modern English opera. (September 22.)

"THE PARTY SPIRIT" (Piccadilly).—Join the Free Whigs and see life. Your leader will be William Grout (Robertson Hare); his second-in-command is Leonard Bilker (Ralph Lynn), the only man likely, it seems to me, to get the purchase-tax removed from plastic salad-servers. "You can fiddle anything in the world if only you work hard enough," he says. This, by Peter Jones and John Jowett, is a much better farce than usual; Hare and Lynn are joyfully at work within the grave precincts of the House of Commons. (September 23.)

"PRINCESS IDA" (Savoy).—A long-awaited return to the D'Oyly Carte repertory; I will discuss it next week. (September 27.)

SUDANESE FISHING METHODS: TRAPS, NETS AND A MASS OPERATION.



TAKING ADVANTAGE OF A MODERN CONSTRUCTION IN THE SUDAN, SOUTH OF KHARTOUM: A NILOTIC TRIBESMAN THROWING A NET INTO THE SLUICES OF THE GEBEL AULIA DAM.



A BASKET-WORK TRAP HUNG IN THE FALLS: THE FORCE OF THE WATER THROWS THE FISH BACK INTO THE TRAP AS THEY TRY TO GET OVER THE FALLS.



AT WORK IN AN ARTIFICIAL POOL FORMED BY DAMS ACROSS THE STREAM: ZANDE TRIBESMEN AND WOMEN BUSY WITH PLUNGE BASKETS IN THE SHALLOW WATER.



DRYING IN THE SUN, AFTER WHICH IT WILL BE KEPT IN STORE TILL FOOD SUPPLIES RUN SHORT: FLESH AND THE SKELETONS OF HUGE NILE PERCH.

The Nilotic tribesmen, including Dinkas and A.Zandes, who inhabit the southern portion of the Sudan, are primitive peoples. They are little touched by Western civilisation, and follow their ancestral way of life. Fishing is an important occupation, and the traditional methods and devices in use are highly ingenious. The plunge-basket is in general use, especially where marshes, pools and shallow waterspreads are common; and various kinds of traps of basket-work are popular. These are suspended on falls and rapids so that the force of the water throws the fish into the mouth of the trap as they try to pass the falls. The rivers are often dammed by means of carefully constructed fish-fences and weirs to form pools

in which fish are held. Men and women then advance in large parties, using plunge-baskets, nets, or sometimes their hands, to collect the fish. Circular nets, weighted with stones, are another device, and great skill is achieved in throwing them. As one of our photographs shows, a modern engineering construction, one of the great Nile dams, can be of use to the fisherman. He is casting his net into the sluices, where hundreds of small fish fight their way through the sluice-gates. Fish are also speared, and sometimes at low water when there is no flow in the pools, toxic substances are used. The drugged fish rise to the surface and can be taken with net or spear.



THE RARER BIRDS OF BRITAIN: CHANGES DUE TO HUMAN SETTLEMENT OR TO NATURAL

It would be difficult to give a comprehensive and detailed survey of the changes in Britain's avifauna over the last hundred years, but certain salient points may be noted. To begin with, the number of birds that have actually become extinct, and then not necessarily within the last century, is very small. One can think immediately of the great buzzard and the sea-eagle, but even these two species are represented by occasional stragglers reaching our shores. On the other hand, a number of species have undergone a change in status, from a variety of causes, mainly the result of increased human settlement and the further exploitation of the available land in the human interest.

Sometimes this takes the form of great increases in numbers, as in the starling and in a fair number of song-birds that are noticeably more abundant around houses and gardens. The reductions, on the other hand, are usually the result of the draining of marshes, the destruction of heathlands, the persecution of so-called vermin, and, in a few cases, the collection of eggs for food. Incidentally, the alleged ravages of the egg-collector are probably less than is normally supposed. There are several species, too, which are classed as rare, the numbers of which tend to fluctuate markedly, because they are at the edge of their range in this country. The hoopoe, bee-eater, oriole

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, NEAVE PARKER.



CIRCUMSTANCES, AND SOME SPECIES NOW RARE, OR LOCALLY (OR NATIONALLY) EXTINCT.

and purple heron belong to this group, as well as the great grey shrike. The Dartford warbler may be another, and in this case the destruction of heathland also contributes to the reduction of its localised and infrequent habitat. The grey phalarope is no more than a bird of passage. The avocet and the ruffs have suffered from the draining of the marshes, as well as from being on the edge of their range. The collecting of eggs for food and snaring in the case of the ruffs had in the past reduced both species to a dangerously low level before the marshes were drained. The largest class involved in changes is that of the so-called vermin; the various hawks, the larger birds such as crows,

WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF DR. MAURICE BURTON.

magpies and jays, even the kingfisher, which, although not officially so classed, has been locally persecuted for taking fish. We are slow to apply the lessons learned from so many quarters regarding the value of the predators in the natural balance, so that, in spite of the decrease in game-preserving, all hawks are liable to be shot at through ignorance—even the harmless kestrel—and so, indeed, are the members of the crow family. But enlightenment is spreading, surely if slowly. In conclusion, the black redstart may be mentioned as a rare bird, on the edge of its range, which is, in fact, increasing in numbers and extending its range.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



IT is a very long time now since I first looked into the window of the chemist's shop in the High Street in Cowes. It was filled not with the commodities usually displayed in such a shop, but with animal freaks. There was the duckling (stuffed) with four legs, the calf with two heads, and a number of others. Prominent also was a fish—if I remember correctly there was more than one—a little over a foot long, its almost spherical body covered, porcupine-like, with stout spines bristling formidably. Every year of my boyhood, staying there for Cowes Week, I used to make a pilgrimage to look over once again this private museum of oddities publicly displayed. During that same period, I seem to recall many occasions when other puffed-up fishes of the same kind could be seen dried and suspended in fish-mongers' shops. In the local museums one almost certainly came across the same spiny relics of voyages into the warmer seas; and one met them in the homes of those who sailed the seas in ships. Indeed, the dried blown-up skins of these fishes were then so commonplace that one tended to accept this spherical spiny form as the normal appearance of the fish, even when one had learned better. As a consequence, it did not occur to me, when writing recently about the toad's defensive method of blowing itself up, to compare it with this same behaviour of a fish, and I am grateful to a reader for calling my attention to it.

The globe-fishes, for that is one of the names given to this group, are also known as hedgehog-fishes, puffer-fishes or puffers, blower-fishes or blowers, and, finally, porcupine-fishes, names all expressive of a singular habit. They belong to the Plectognathi, of tropical waters, and nearly all the members of this group have a poisonous flesh. None of them has ribs, a point not without significance, as we shall see. The Plectognathi (literally 'plaited jaws') include the trigger-fishes, armed with three spines on the back that can be triggered into position and there locked, the trunk-fishes or box- or coffer-fishes, with the body enclosed in a hard box of bony plates, and also the large ocean sunfishes.

Small and plump, with insignificant dorsal and anal fins, and lacking the pelvic fins, the globe-fishes are slow swimmers. The teeth are joined to form a parrot-like beak, and the skin is beset with prickles normally sunk in pits or, as in those with the longer spines, and hence named more especially the porcupine-fishes, lying flat on the skin.

It has long been known that these fishes inflate the body when alarmed or disturbed, and a century ago it was discovered that the mechanism employed had to do with a distensible part of the stomach. At the same time, the general belief persisted that the inflation of the body was caused by the fish gulping air. It was also part of this general belief that the fish came to the surface to swallow air, and that thereafter they floated belly uppermost in order to escape their enemies, later releasing the air and returning to normal swimming. The whole process and the mechanism involved was investigated, in recent years, by C. M. Breder, Jr., and Eugenie Clark, who published an account of their findings in the *Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History* (Vol. 88, 1947, pp. 293-319). There the authors state that: "The early stories of blowfish floating on the water's surface were probably conjectured from the observation that, on being caught and pulled out of the

PUFFERS AND BLOWERS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

water, these fish inflate with air and, if thrown back into the water, float for a short time in this condition, then release the air and swim down." The fishes are, however, as might be expected, equally able to take in water to achieve the same end, and normally do so.

The essential part of the mechanism for the intake of water (or of air when the fish has been taken out of its natural environment) is concerned with the bones

digestion seems not to be interfered with. It is inferred that the greater part of digestion takes place in the intestine, but it is known that some part of it also occurs within the stomach itself. What was perhaps more obvious to the two investigators was the observation that, although the fish can deflate rapidly, no food was expelled with the ejected water. This problem of how the digestive processes escape derangement and how the fish keeps food in its stomach while discharging copious quantities of water remains unsolved.

The extent of this protective inflation can be best

appreciated by the figures given by Breder and Clark for the ratios of body-size to water taken in. They can be epitomized in the single example of a moderately large fish, just over 20 cms. long, which was found to be capable of holding a litre of water when fully inflated, the weight of the water being nearly 300 per cent. of the fish's body weight.

Very few of the many species of fishes inhabiting the seas and the fresh waters of the world have this remarkable ability to inflate themselves so enormously. An occasional species outside the Plectognathi have it in a slight degree. Within the Plectognathi itself only two of the families possess it, the Diodontidae and the Tetraodontidae. In them, however, we have this complicated mechanism of special bones and muscles,

of special valves and sphincters, combined with the presence of a special part of the stomach for inflating, and a skin beset with spines, instead of the scales normal to this type of animal. All this is used to produce an apparently formidable means of defence which combines the inflationary defensive measures of the toad with the prickles or spines of hedgehogs or porcupines. One could justifiably suppose that globe-fishes and porcupine-fishes enjoy an unusual immunity from attack. But there must be somewhere an Achilles' Heel, otherwise instead of being merely common in tropical waters, as they are known to be, they would infest them.

Breder and Clark, in seeking to measure the amount of fluid taken in, found that not all individuals could be induced to inflate fully. Some, after partially inflating, would suddenly and rapidly deflate and seek other means of escape. Whether these variations in behaviour reflect the existence of individual temperaments, or whether the full inflation depends upon a particular set of circumstances, is unknown. The important thing is the suggestion that not all the blowers or puffers use their vicious armature, or use it fully, when danger threatens. Consequently, like hedgehogs, porcupines, and all other animals with offensive or defensive weapons, their populations, we find, remain more or less static, in spite of the advantages such armaments should confer.

Young globe-fishes certainly are eaten by other fishes, in spite of spines. It is only when they inflate and also crowd together in a tight mass that they can escape; but the moment one of them leaves the group it is liable to be snapped up. It is also known that large globe-fishes may be swallowed by sharks. It is said that, when this happens, the globe-fish, equipped with teeth for chewing coral or cracking shellfish, eats its way out of the shark's stomach. This seems improbable.



DEFLATED: A SPINY BOXFISH (*CHILOMYCTERUS SCHAEFFI*)—ONE OF THE GLOBE-FISHES, LOOKING LIKE ANY OTHER FISH SO LONG AS IT IS NOT INFLATED. IN SPITE OF THEIR SPINES, GLOBE-FISHES ARE EATEN BY OTHER FISHES, ESPECIALLY WHEN YOUNG. YOUNG FISHES NEED NOT ONLY TO INFLATE BUT ALSO TO CROWD TOGETHER IN A TIGHT MASS TO AVOID ATTACK; BUT THE MOMENT ONE OF THEM LEAVES THE GROUP IT IS LIABLE TO BE SNAPPED UP.



INFLATED: THE STRANGE APPEARANCE OF A SPINY BOXFISH WHEN USING ITS PROTECTIVE MECHANISM. THE FISH SIMPLY PUMPS WATER INTO ITS STOMACH THROUGH THE MOUTH TO BLOW ITSELF UP AND LETS IT OUT AGAIN WHEN THE EMERGENCY HAS PASSED. A MODERATELY LARGE FISH, JUST OVER 20 CMS. LONG, WAS FOUND TO BE CAPABLE OF HOLDING A LITRE OF WATER WHEN FULLY INFLATED, THE WEIGHT OF THE WATER BEING NEARLY 300 PER CENT. OF THE FISH'S BODY WEIGHT.

and muscles associated with the mouth and gills. The mouth cavity can be much enlarged, the gills closed to prevent egress of water by the normal route, and the water is then pumped into a diverticulum of the stomach. This extensible part of the stomach occupies a large part of the abdominal cavity, and its walls are attached to the peritoneum and the muscles



BESET WITH PRICKLES AND WITH ITS STOMACH DISTENDED WITH WATER: A HARPER'S SWELL-FISH (*SPHAEROIDES HARPERI*) WITH ITS BODY INFLATED. DR. BURTON POINTS OUT THAT IT IS OF INTEREST TO NOTE THAT IN FILLING THE STOMACH WITH WATER, SO THAT IT IS BLOWN UP TO THREE TIMES ITS NORMAL SIZE, THE COURSE OF DIGESTION DOES NOT SEEM TO BE AT ALL INTERFERED WITH.

New York Zoological Society photographs.

of the spiny skin. It can be closed in front by a strong sphincter and behind by the pyloric sphincter. When necessary, the water is released by a relaxation of the forward sphincter, allowing it to flow out through mouth and gills. Put briefly, the fish simply pumps water into its stomach through the mouth to blow itself up and lets it out again when the emergency has passed. It is of interest to note, however, that in filling the stomach with water, so that the fish is blown up to three times its normal size, the course of

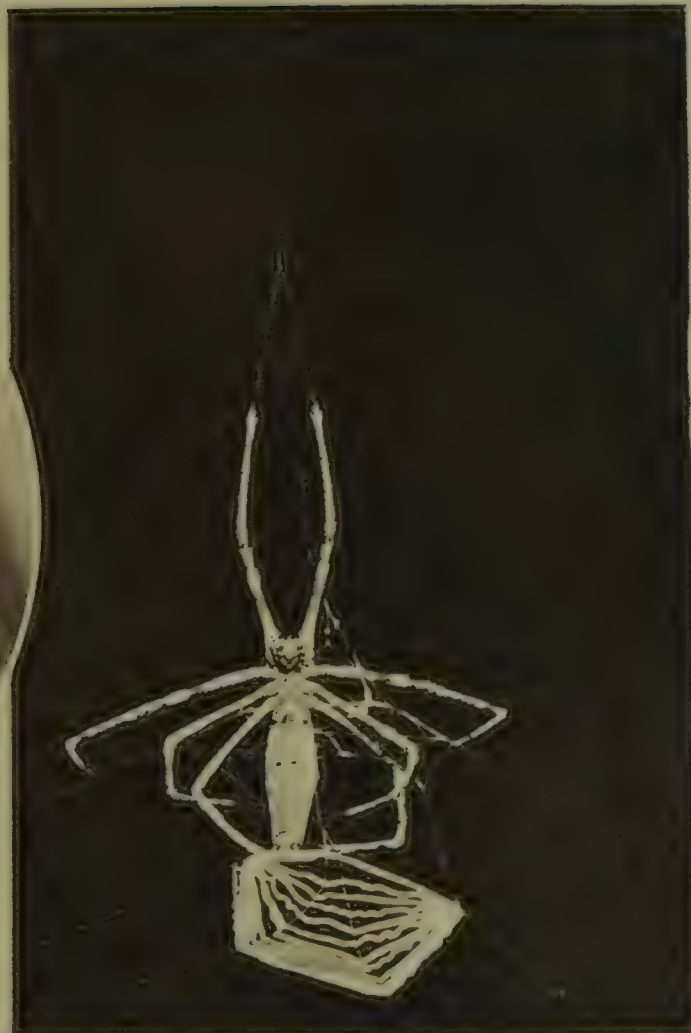
"WILL YOU STEP INTO MY NET?": THE REMARKABLE "FISHING" SPIDER OF AUSTRALIA SEEN IN FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS.

AMONG the remarkable spiders found in Australia is a nocturnal spider, about which little is known, which is one of the most ingenious. It is a long-bodied, brownish spider known as the "fishing spider," or *Dinopis subrufus*. We reproduce on this page "the first flashlight photographs" ever taken of this spider which have been sent to us by Mr. N. L. Roberts, of Sydney, who is a Past President of the Royal Zoological Society of New South Wales. In an interesting account of his observations of this spider Mr. Roberts writes: "*Dinopis* has become a specialist in making a sticky, elastic net, which it uses with uncanny precision if an insect comes within range. Emerging from the hedge at night, *Dinopis* lets itself down by a silken thread to the path to make a framework of sloping threads, attached to supporting 'guy-ropes,' which also provide the means for a speedy retreat to the hedge when necessary, and all-important lines of communication for the male in his courtship ritual. Having made the essential framework, *Dinopis* proceeds to weave the net, holding supporting threads with the

Continued below.



SHOWING ITS TWIG-LIKE BODY: A MALE AUSTRALIAN "FISHING" SPIDER, *DINOPIS SUBRUFUS*. THE LONG FRONT LEGS ARE USED IN A RHYTHMICAL TAPPING DURING THE COURTSHIP RITUALS.



WITH THREADS WOVEN ACROSS A FIXED FRAMEWORK AND CORNERS KNOTTED: THE NET OF THE "FISHING" SPIDER, WHICH IS MADE OF THICK, CRINKLED SILK, TAKING SHAPE.



A REMARKABLE EXAMPLE OF INSTINCTIVE CRAFTSMANSHIP AND A HIGHLY EFFICIENT DEATH-TRAP: THE COMPLETED SPIDER'S NET, WHICH IS VERY VISCID AND ELASTIC.

Continued.

claws of its first and second pairs of legs and staring into space as it shuttles the thick, adhesive silk backwards and forwards with the fourth pair of legs, which are crossed alternately for this purpose. It never sees the net until it is completed. . . . The net itself is rectangular in shape, approximately one inch long and wide, although the length sometimes slightly exceeds the width, and has highly viscid and elastic properties. If disturbed before the net is finished, *Dinopis* will seek safety in the hedge, but invariably returns and completes it, its instinct being sufficiently plastic to enable it to resume a half-finished task. However, if the net is damaged, the spider rolls it into a glutinous ball and 'munches' it until it disappears. I offer no explanation, scientific or otherwise, of this digestive feat, but I have observed the movements of the jaws very closely with a powerful electric lamp on several occasions and have no doubt that *Dinopis* is able to consume the silk it secretes. Having completed the net, the spider climbs the central guy-rope for a short distance, reverses its previous stance, approaches the net with head down, and having grasped the corners with the claws of the first and second pairs of legs, tests the efficiency of the structure by stretching it at least double its normal size. If satisfied that everything is now in working order, it contracts the net to a quarter of its original dimensions and waits for a passing insect. It is now that the biological value of the bulging eyes becomes evident for, suspended vertically, *Dinopis* must stare at a very circumscribed area for food and see quickly and clearly any movement within it. Moreover, its long body and legs, plus the momentum provided by the resilient framework,



WAITING WITH NET POISED FOR A PASSING VICTIM: THE SPIDER, HAVING TESTED THE NET BY STRETCHING, HAS CONTRACTED IT TO A NARROW BAND.

enable it to swing forwards and backwards and thus use the net to the greatest advantage. My observations of this spider over a period of two 'fishing' seasons reveal that it subsists almost entirely on a black-and-yellow ant (*Camponotus consobrinus*), commonly known as the 'sugar' ant. . . . In capturing the ant, *Dinopis* stretches the net with a rapid lunge, and the slightest contact enmeshes the insect hopelessly, the spider allowing it to struggle before adding a swathe of silk to envelop it completely. On several occasions I have found it leisurely 'munching' an ant and making a new net at the same time, the previous net, incidentally, disappearing with the victim. Immature females make nets proportionate to their size, and 'fish' in the hedge when small, although on two occasions I have found adult spiders using a net in the hedge, one of them capturing a grasshopper and the other a moth. The male *Dinopis* has a much smaller twig-like body and does not make a net. Like most male spiders, it is a wanderer and must find a female by chance. . . . Courtship activities are wholly tactile. . . . There are no *Dinopids* in England and only one in the United States, where it is known as 'the ogre-faced spider.'

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

THIS week begins with something huge, astonishing, unprecedented—and overflowing with charm, and perhaps also a great book. Or the colossal start of a great book. For "The Fellowship of the Ring," by J. R. R. Tolkien (George Allen and Unwin; 21s.), does not complete the tale; as Mrs. Naomi Mitchison observes, it will go on and on. Indeed, it has that tendency already. Though I am quoting her in the wrong sense; she means its fascination will endure. And she describes the genre as "really super-science fiction. . . ." Well, perhaps so; yet I should think the addict would look pretty blank if he were dumped down in this history of orcs and elves, and of a conical-hatted magician who, when marooned up on a tower, is taken off again not by a space-ship, but by a timely eagle. Malory, Spenser, Ariosto—all these have likewise been invoked. The short cut is to introduce it as an epic fairy-tale; or, if that sounds too puerile, a saga of the Elder Days, with "Middle-earth" striding to Ragnarok.

For now the Dark Lord has renewed his might; and all the free folk of the world—dwarfs, hobbits, elves and men—are likely to be swallowed up. What he requires to finish them is the One Ring, that evil talisman, which was supposed to have been lost for ever. Whereas, in fact, it is with Bilbo Baggins of Bag End. This travelled and eccentric hobbit came on it long ago under the roots of the mountains; since when he has been "well-preserved"—at "eleventy-one" he looks no older than at fifty—and has escaped unwelcome visitors by vanishing. Which is not really such a joke; in time—only he doesn't know it—he would start to "fade." But before that he has a fresh attack of wanderlust, and disappears once and for all, leaving the talisman with his heir, Frodo. And Frodo finds out what it is: a magic incubus, deadly to keep, fatal to throw away—for now the Dark Lord has got wind of it—and indestructible, save at the Enemy's own doorstep, in the Cracks of Doom.

This is the first stage of his odyssey: on which I can't embark, but which is crammed with marvels and adventures, and with fearful odds, and foes dead, living and immortal. Orcs, trolls and barrow-wights, to name a few. As for the hobbits, they are Professor Tolkien's own work; yet far from being less real than the "historic" species, they are a good deal more so. And charming, too. The narrative is long-drawn-out, but not so long as to prevent impatience for the sequel. And I should like to think it a great book; anyone would. But when you leave off matching it with Ariosto and the other giants, and simply ask, Has it as much genius as "The Wind in the Willow"? I am afraid the answer is self-evident. It is a wonderful invention, an enchanting feat; but it has not the salt of genius.

OTHER FICTION.

Still, it makes ordinary novels shrink. But though "A Lover for Lucia," by Charles Humana (Longmans; 10s. 6d.), gets to look small and near the ground, it is not commonplace. Possibly everyone in Maberetta—a village sliding down a Sicilian mountainside—dreams, or has dreamt, of clearing out; but even there, perhaps Lucia's fate is the most barren. She has to work like a man, scratching a stony field nearly an hour's walk from the village; and she has nobody at home but her blind father. At thirty-five she is unmarried, and grotesquely fat. And she has long since given up; plainly, God does not want her to be happy. . . .

And then one day he sends the stranger. A tall, fair, silent man, who begins working at her side—and asks if Maberetta has a lodging-house. Lucia takes him home; she takes him flauntingly to church; she leaves off mourning for her mother (who has only been dead two years). After a life of blind obedience to custom, she is defying her world, and without any sense of wrong. But its revenge is swift; the villagers are too thwarted themselves to endure nonconformity in others. Her very first display of the strange man is greeted with a kick on the ankle, and a hiss of "Prostitute!" Quickly the persecution grows; and "Fausto" suffers it without a word. He shows no fight; he won't even agree that they mean harm. And just as patiently, he blocks Lucia's hope of getting married. They are married, he says. For him this way is "easier" . . . Which is quite true, since he has escaped from a Palermo mental home; but it is not his principal objection. Fausto is an old-fashioned doctrinaire. Lucia has no will but his; and after all seemed lost, they flee the world into a lone, improbable felicity.

The last act is a dream, and doctrinaires, however saintly, are a matter of taste. But Maberetta is remarkable.

"The Marshal of Medicine Bend," by Brad Ward (Hodder and Stoughton; 8s. 6d.), combines a furious amount of gun-play with a grave predicament. In every fight, the odds on Calem Ware are getting shorter. He has been a legend for years—a legend of the cool, impassive superman, law in an iron mask; and he still is, but nobody can last for ever. Calem has only one hope of survival: to "outlast the times." Trailtown conditions are going out; the men don't "pack their guns" on Sunday. Next, they won't carry them during the week—and Calem Ware, like other hero-victims of expansion, will become unnecessary. If he can stay alive through the last flare-up, which is bound to come. . . .

This is the story of its coming: action unlimited, the town "wide open" for a night, a resurrected love-affair, and, I need hardly add, a happy ending.

"Murder at Midyears," by Marion Mainwaring (Gollancz; 10s. 6d.), features a girls' college in New England; and more minutely, the department of English Literature. There are twelve on the staff, and we lead off with a staff meeting. Gabriel Mersey, the top dog, reveals himself as a gross, shapeless bully, with a disgusting cold, and an impartial spirit of malevolence; everyone, by the end, has cause to loathe him. And the next day, while he is revising his "Compendious Bibliography of English Prose Fiction" (that glum, invaluable work), somebody poisons him with cyanide. First on the scene are the desiccated Professor Heyliger, young Henry Dane, and his girl Jill—the lovers of the piece, and much more relevant and attractive than most. And their friend Cohn is the prime suspect. However, the real motive goes a long way back, and turns out to be just the thing. A first-rate story, very agreeable in tone, and cultured without affectation. K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

TRAVELLERS' TALES.

MR. CHARLES MEADE, in "High Mountains" (Harvill; 15s.), says that: "It is hard to say whether Ruskin or Belloc have written the most moving account of a first view of the Alps." Beautiful as is the Ruskin passage which he quotes, it seems to me that Belloc has it every time. It comes, of course, in the "Path to Rome." "I saw between the branches of the trees in front of me a sight in the sky that made me stop breathing, just as a great danger at sea or great surprise in love, or a great deliverance will make a man stop breathing. . . . right up, a belt in that empyrean—ran peak and field and needle of intense ice, remote, remote from the world. Sky beneath them and sky above them, a steadfast legion, they glittered as though with the armour of the immovable armies of heaven. Two days march, three days march away, they stood up like the walls of Eden. . . .

these magnificent creatures of God. The great peaks made communion between the creeping part of me, which loves vineyards and dances and slow movements among pastures, and that other part which is only properly at home in heaven. I may say that this kind of description is useless, and it is better to address prayers to such things than to attempt to interpret them to others. . . ." This is only part of the quotation, which one would have liked to give in full, so admirable is it, and so excellently does it illuminate Mr. Meade's theme—the mysticism, the sense of the luminous which is evoked by high mountains. To illustrate that theme he calls on a variety of the writings of famous mountain-lovers, from Winthrop Young and Tyndall to Smythe and Kipling. He even quotes St. John of the Cross, though the passage he chooses will sound to the modern reader, with a picture in his mind of the vigorous young ladies and gentlemen who scramble about the Alps, unconsciously funny. "Solitary places (where there are no attractions for the senses) which tend to lift up the soul to God, such as mountains, which are elevated spots and generally barren, furnishing no resources for sensible recreations." It is a passage which I think might well provide an illuminated text for the Alpine Club and the Ski Club of Great Britain. For those mountaineers whose youth is behind them, Mr. Meade has comforting things to say. For their benefit he quotes Irving and Wordsworth and Dr. Inge, to show that the mountain-lover, like a poet, has the power of retaining the child's imagination with all its freshness into old age—a statement which would, I think, hardly be true of, say, golfers. As a distinguished climber, particularly of the Himalayas, it is not surprising that Mr. Meade illustrates his book with some of the most beautiful photographs of those mountains I have ever seen. I have only one quarrel with Mr. Meade, and that is that he makes no mention of one of the greatest living writers on mountaineering, and whose approach is so similar to his own—Sir Arnold Lunn. This strikes me as a most curious omission.

Mr. Meade will, I am sure, have read with appreciation "Forerunners to Everest," by R. Dittert, G. Chevalley and R. Lambert (Allen and Unwin; 15s.). This is the story of the two Swiss expeditions which attempted the ascent in 1952, the year before the British succeeded. Sir John Hunt, who writes the foreword, pays tribute to the invaluable lessons the British expedition learnt from the gallant failures of the Swiss. Indeed, when Sir John's expedition was successful, his telegraphed reply to the congratulations of the Swiss ("To you—a good half of the glory") was something more than a pleasant gesture from a good sportsman. It was the sober recognition of the facts. The British expedition could not have succeeded but for the exploration of the southern approaches carried out by the Swiss, and I feel sure that Sir Edmund Hillary would be the first to admit that the failure, when within sight of success, of Lambert and Tensing, taught lessons which enabled Sir Edmund and Tensing to succeed. Like so much mountain literature, the story gains in tenseness, excitement and drama by the very simplicity with which it is told.

Although it is surrounded by mountains, the Villa Taranto, on the shores of Lake Maggiore, is unaffected by the storms and austerities of the heights. It was here that Captain Neil McEacharn, the notable Scottish botanist, laid out in 1930 gardens which now extend over 100 acres, and which constitute one of the show-places of the world. Somehow during World War II, the gardens were preserved, though the effort nearly cost the life of the Italian friend, Dr. Cappeletto, who looked after them, and who was suspected by both partisans and Fascists alike. Much of the book will have specialist appeal for botanists, and carries the reader into regions where I, for one, cannot follow. But for less specialist lovers of beauty it has great charm. I remember meeting Captain McEacharn in the early days of the war, before our mutual chief, the late Lord Lloyd, sent him back to Italy on a special mission—the mission which he mentions briefly in the book. Inspired by the book—"The Villa Taranto: A Scotsman's Garden in Italy" (Country Life; 25s.)—and on this slight acquaintance, I intend to propose and see this wonderful garden for myself when next I am in Italy.

One of the most beautiful coastlines in Europe is that of Dalmatia, of which Mr. Eric Whelpton writes in "Dalmatia" (Hale; 18s.). Unlike so much of the Balkans, Dalmatia is civilised, the long connection with its Roman and Venetian past offsetting the later barbarisms of Turk and Slav. The book is pleasantly laced with historical anecdotes, and with photographs which, however, do not, I feel, entirely do justice to the region's photogenic potentialities.

We lift up our eyes to the hills again with "The Mendips," by A. W. Coysh, E. J. Mason and V. Waite (Hale; 18s.). A triple authorship normally militates against success, even more than dual authorship. In this case, however, the happy combination of the efforts of Mr. Coysh, who is a geologist and farmer, Mr. Mason, who is an archaeologist, and Mr. Waite, who is a historian, has produced a lively, interesting and pleasant account of one of the most delightful of Britain's hilly regions. The Mendips are scarcely likely to attract the Alpinist, used to the harsh grandeur of the high mountains, but for the visitor, whether foreign or native, they have a gentle charm and a historical attraction of a very special nature. "The Mendips" is an admirable addition to the "Regional Books" series. E. D. O'BRIEN.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THOUGH chess only attains its highest standards in communities of concentrated population as a rule, the love of it is world-wide. The nations which supply our two games this week number 2,000,000 and 4,000,000 respectively—fewer than London, even if combined.

New Zealand has a good standard of play which will undoubtedly benefit more from the arrival of O. Sarapu, a gifted Baltic State immigrant, than the departure of their own R. G. Wade in search of international fame here. A printed *New Zealand Chessplayer* has been published, with surprising success considering the smallness of the community it serves, regularly for seven years. In a recent issue we read of an interesting celebration at Napier, when a local enthusiast donated to the local club a "chess nook" for outdoor play, with two chess tables whose squares are of black and white marble, together with four seats all set in a concrete base. Sarapu, during the celebration, tackled twelve locals simultaneously blindfold to set up a New Zealand record. Here is an amusing little game from the same issue; an *Alekhine's Defence*, played in a match by telegraph, Otago v. Wellington:

White	Black	White	Black
A. C.	L. A.	A. C.	L. A.
CAMPBELL.	KURTA.	CAMPBELL.	KURTA.
1. P-K4	Kt-KB3	10. P-QR3	B×Ktch
2. P-K5	Kt-Q4	11. P×B	Castles
3. P-QB4	Kt-Kt3	12. B-Q3	B×B
4. P-Q4	P-Q3	13. Q×B	Kt-R4
5. P-B4	P×P	14. Kt-Kt5	P-Kt3
6. BP×P	Kt-B3	15. Kt-K4!	Kt(R4)×P
7. B-K3	B-B4	16. Kt-B6ch	K-Kt2
8. Kt-KB3	P-K3	17. B-R6ch!	K-R1
9. Kt-B3	B-QKt5		
If 17. . . K×B; 18. Q-R3ch wins.			
18. Q-R3	Kt-Q2		

Here the editor observes: "Nothing is any good for Black here. If 18. . . R-KKt1; 19. B-B8 wins." But, after 19. . . R-Kt2; 20. B×Rch, K×B; 21. Q×RPch, K-B1, there seems to be no knock-out. (18. . . R-KKt1) 19. Kt×P looks more artistic to me—e.g., 19. . . R-Kt2; 20. Kt-B6, R-R2; 21. Kt×R, K×Kt; 22. B-Kt5 dis ch winning the queen.

A matter of taste! Anyway . . .

19. B-Ktch Resigns.

Now a neat win by a Belgian master in a recent international tournament in Dublin.

Queen's Gambit, Exchange Variation:

White, V. SOULTANBEIEFF.

Black, T. KELLY.

1. P-Q4, P-Q4; 2. P-QB4, P-K3; 3. Kt-QB3, Kt-KB3; 4. B-Kt5, B-K2; 5. P-K3, Castles; 6. P×P, P×P; 7. B-Q3, B-K3; 8. KKt-K2, QKt-Q2; 9. Kt-B4, R-B1; 10. Q-B3, P-B3; 11. Kt×B, P×Kt; 12. Q-R3, P-K4.

The attacked pawn cannot be held at K3. White might now continue 13. B×Kt, Kt×B; 14. P×P.

13. Q-K6ch, K-R1; 14. B-B5.

If 14. P×P, then 14. . . Kt-B4!

14. . . P×P; 15. P×P, R-K1; 16. Castles (K), B-Kt5; 17. B×Kt, Kt×B; 18. Q×R, Q-Kt3; 19. Kt×P. Dashing Black's hopes of trapping the queen.

19. . . P×Kt; 20. Q-B2, Q×P; 21. P-QR3, B-Q7? 22. QR-Q1, R-K7; 23. B-Q3, and wins.



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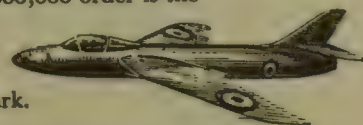
Wm. PITT, *Earl of Chatham* 1708-1778

Security is a word that goes well with a picture of a British Merchant seaman. Bill Jackson, Captain of a Welsh trawler, is typical of the men who defied death on the high seas when the enemy sought, in two wars, first to destroy Britain and then to starve her. Bill understands better than most the life-and-death need . . . even now . . . for an air power that will make security a reality.

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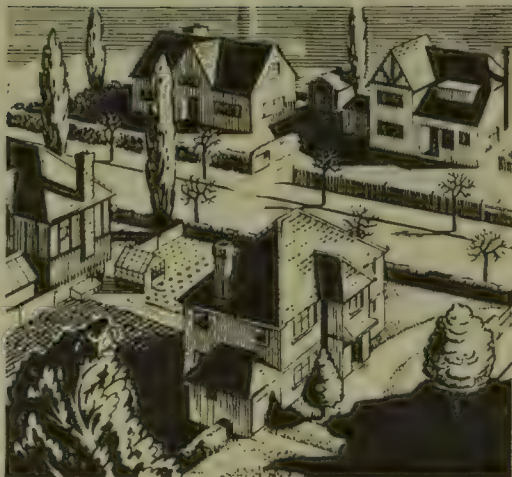
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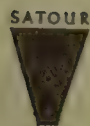


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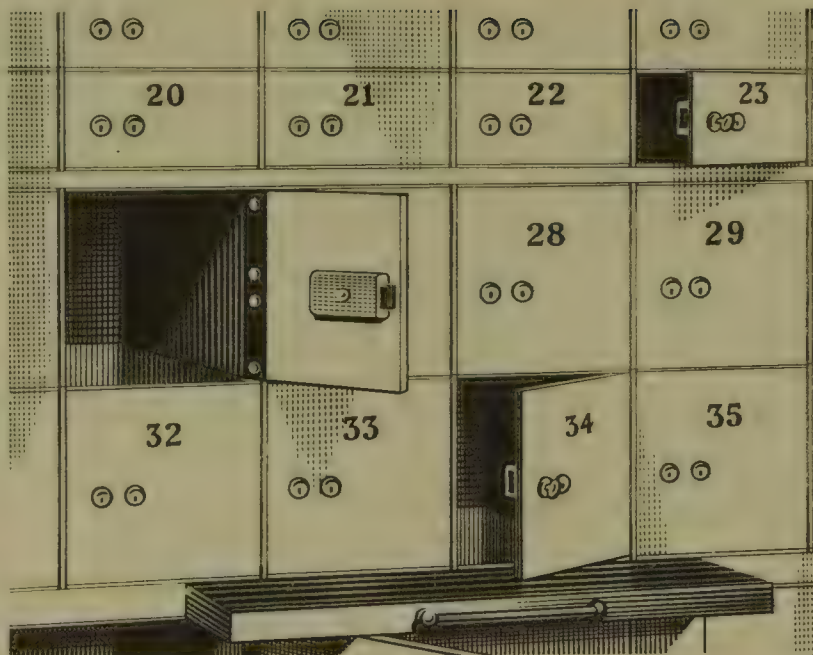


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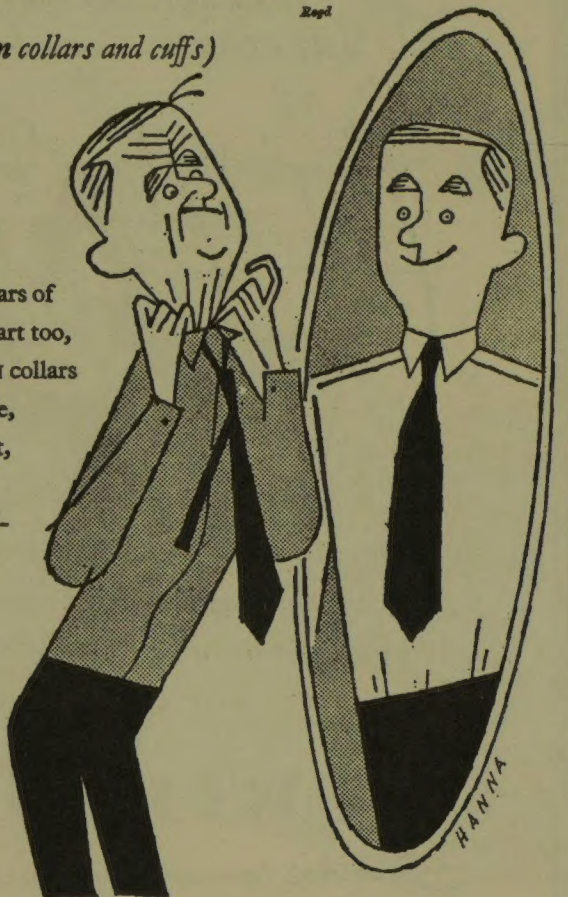
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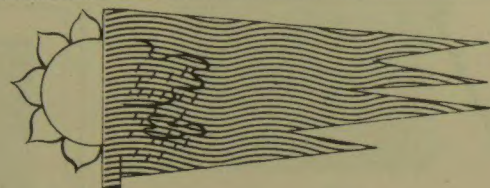
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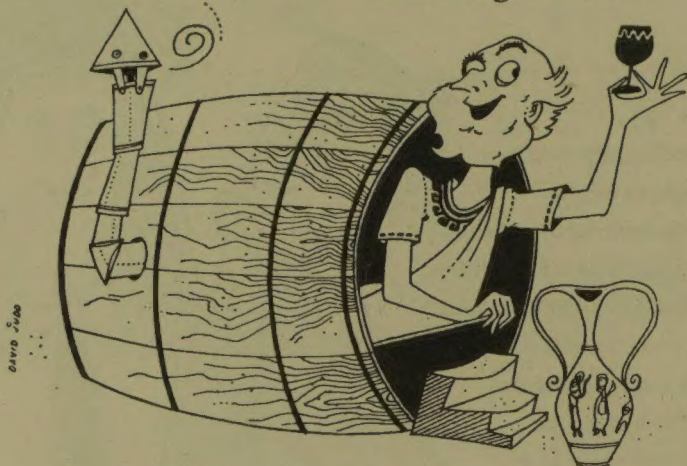
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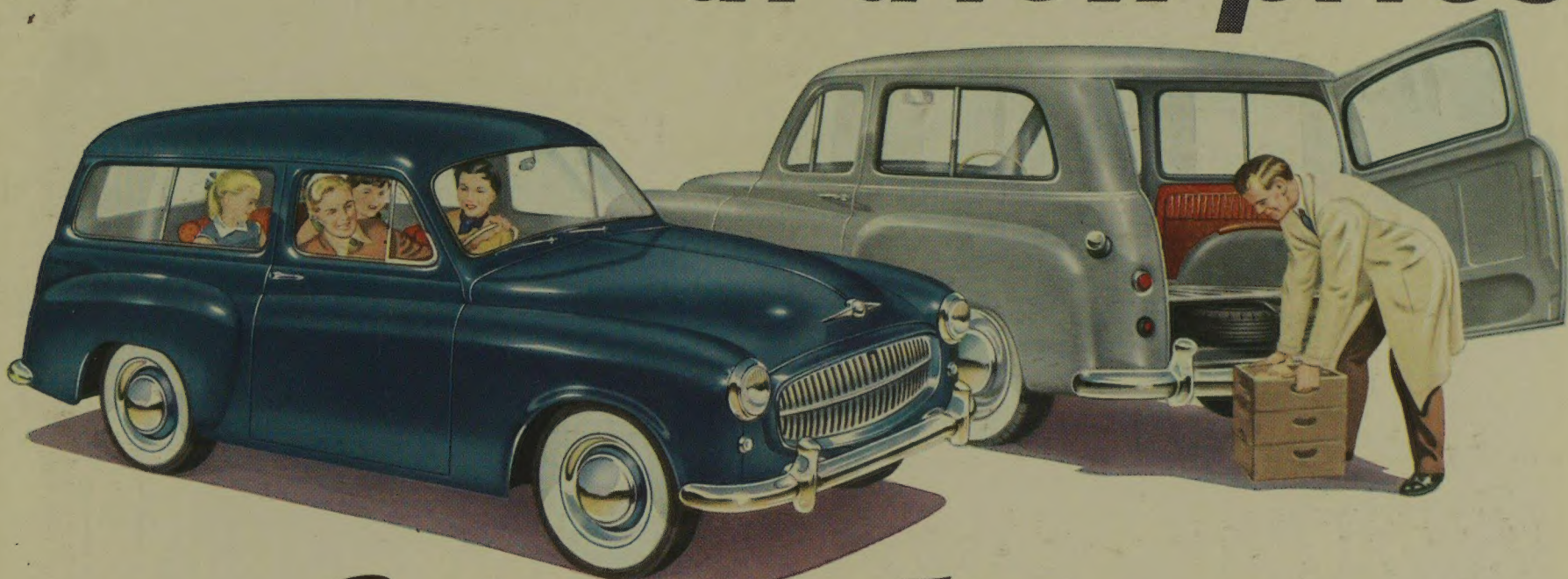
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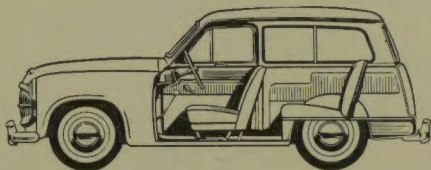


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